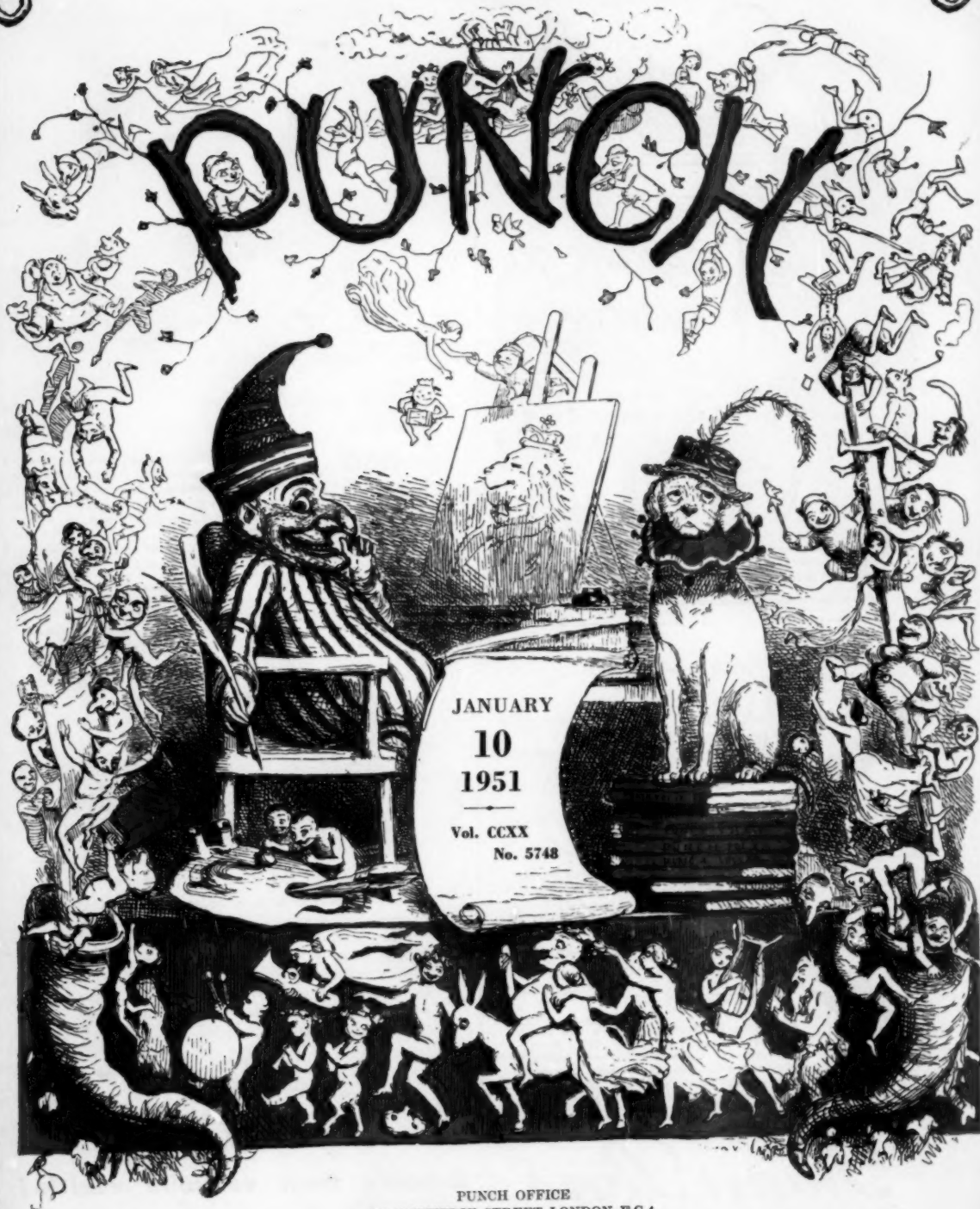


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10 1951

6<sup>d</sup>

JANUARY  
10  
1951

Vol. CCXX  
No. 5748

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



*On the go  
all day*

Children call on their energy all the time. Virol builds reserves of energy. It's the food for healthy growth and development. Give Virol after every meal.

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VIROL is a concentrated food containing malt extract, specially refined beef fat, egg, sugars (including glucose) and orange juice, with added mineral salts and vitamins.



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Ask your nearest Stationer or Jeweller

PRICES FROM  
25/8  
including tax

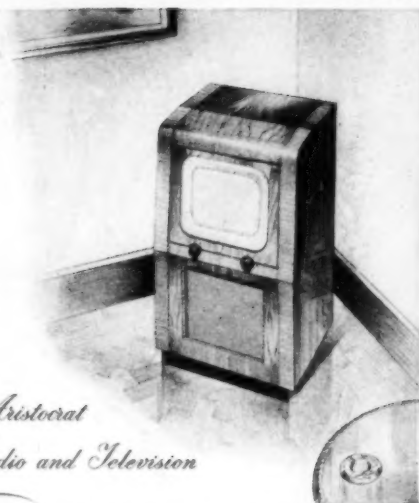
### Personality pays

Featureless handwriting is like a dull personality. It carries no weight. Get a Swan pen and put character into your letters. There are Swan nibs that 'answer' to every hand—even the most eccentric. And what a joy to write with a real precision instrument—made not for a year of declining service—but for a lifetime of friendly use!

## Swan Pens



MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD., Swan House, Whitley Ave., Park Royal, N.W. 10. Series Depots and Showrooms: 112 New Bond Street, London, W. 1, 13 Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4, and 3 Exchange Street, Manchester 2.



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MODEL  
1700

Crisp, clear, distortion-free pictures are reproduced on the special flat fronted 12-in. tube which is incorporated in this superb instrument. Good taste is apparent in the beautifully finished walnut cabinet, itself an asset to a well appointed home.

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Price: £109 11s. 1d., tax included.

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The Land-Rover is an overlander; come rain, come shine—it's all the same to this powerful little vehicle. The low gearing and four wheel drive take it easily through clinging mud or over lumpy ground which might well defeat many a bigger truck. In addition it has a power take-off providing belt or shaft drive for a multitude of purposes. No wonder it's known as 'Britain's most versatile vehicle.'

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**Britain's most versatile vehicle!**

Made by the Rover Company Limited, Solihull, Birmingham



ONE hundred and fifty years have now passed since Nicholas Holman first built machinery for Cornish miners; years in which four generations of his direct descendants and thousands of Cornish men and women have worked to build a fine reputation for sound engineering — and a world-wide organisation. This anniversary year adds new strength to the long Holman tradition. To those who make Holman plant and tools it brings fresh confidence in future achievement, and to those who use their products it is an assurance of continued loyal service.

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**Holman**  
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'With a car such as that' said the Vicar, 'no doubt one could whisk from Land's End to John o' Groats in the twinkling of an eye. Good!'

'And yet' the Vicar went on, 'with a tobacco such as this, one can stay put anywhere and be happy. Better! The world goes rushing by, increasingly fast. But the beauty of Three Nuns is in its very slowness. When you light up you are all set for a leisurely session. Each pipeful is a calculated dawdle. I offer you peace. You offer me progress. Perhaps we can now combine the two. I will climb into your motor car and we will both smoke Three Nuns en route.'

# Three Nuns

ORIGINAL BLEND · EMPIRE BLEND

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN YEAR



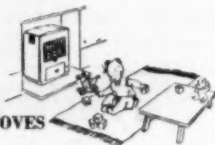
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**NATIONAL PROVINCIAL  
BANK LIMITED**

*more warmth*  
with lower fuel bills



Wives who want more comfort with less work and lower fuel bills soon find themselves looking at the Radiation 'Siesta' Model Stove—the most economical form of modern heating. It burns night and day with only two or three stokings, keeps the room delightfully warm and (if desired) the water too. It does this equally well on coal, coke or anthracite. Its slide-back "disappearing" doors give you an unencumbered open fire at will. Its smooth enamel surface does away with arduous cleaning, while ashes are removed quickly and cleanly each morning. Price from £24.15.0. Ask your local merchant to explain the ease, comfort and economy of this famous Radiation Model. Or write to us for address of nearest stockist. Radiation Group Sales Ltd., Leeds 12.



**SOLID FUEL Radiation STOVES**

Wool Wisdom through the years No. 4

*Pull the Wool  
over your eyes*



... that's another way of saying 'deception.'  
But there's no trick about wool's  
cosiness. It's a NATURAL fibre.

There is **no** substitute for

*Wool*

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat

R.19

**Headache?**

*I take a couple of*  
**ANADIN**  
*Tablets* **INSTEAD!**

I used to have splitting headaches ... every little sound like a pneumatic drill ... sometimes so bad I just had to give in. That was before my chemist explained how the balanced formula\* makes 'Anadin' act so quickly and last longer. Now I know just what to do—I always keep 'Anadin' handy—a couple of tablets and the pain is gone.

\*The 'ANADIN' formula blends long-lasting phenacetin—to strengthen the quick-acting aspirin—with caffeine and quinine, two stimulants which prevent the unpleasant after-effects so often associated with old-fashioned plain aspirin.

**FOR SAFE AND QUICK  
RELIEF OF PAIN**







Specialty painted for HORLICKS by A. R. Thomson, R.A.

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THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER is one of the men on whom the structure of our society rests. The people he serves come to know and trust him; not for him a five-day week, or an eight-hour day. In all weathers, at all hours, the sick and injured know that "the doctor" will be on hand.

We at Horlicks are proud to think that our product has been known and found trustworthy by such men for over 65 years. As a food-drink for children, especially those who are highly-strung,

Horlicks has always been a tried and trusted friend. In the dietetic treatment of peptic ulcers, hyperacidity, and other digestive disorders, Horlicks plays a valuable part.



BY APPOINTMENT  
Purveyors of  
Malted Milk  
TO H.M. THE KING  
HORLICKS LIMITED  
GLoucester, ENGLAND

And even better known, not only to the doctor, but to the general public as well, is the value of Horlicks in inducing sound, refreshing sleep. The nerve strain and anxiety of our modern age calls for Horlicks—and this, too, the doctor knows.

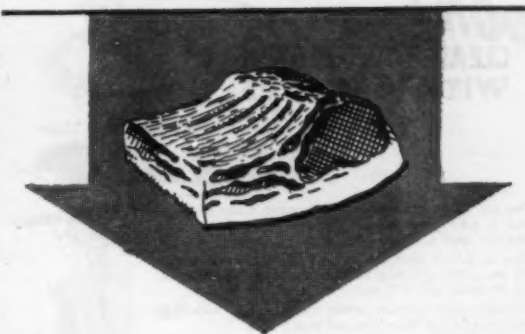
### HORLICKS

and this is my  
**Paul**  
kitchen!

and she's proud of it, too! But who wouldn't be? They're neat, compact, easy to clean—they're Paul Stainless Steel Sinks and Cabinets, stocked by all good Builders' and Plumbers' Merchants.

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**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING**  
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Institute  
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Replacement or refund of money if this article fails to deliver the value guaranteed.

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You want fine bacon, cured the way you like it—you want to be certain of that every time you buy. You want, in effect, to see the Harris Brand again to safeguard that choice. So do we—and we are working hard with the authorities and producers to that end. You cannot change stock-breeding as you can factory production—in a couple of weeks. But the time-table of breeding and gradings for quality is being set, the plans are bearing fruit and are all bringing nearer the day when you will see in your shop again the famous brand...



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One unskilled operator using a Dixon machine will do the work of seven manual workers—and make a much better job of it too.

Compare your present yearly cleaning bill with the cost of a Dixon Machine and you'll find

## IT COSTS LESS THE DIXON WAY

THE **Dixon**

SCRUBS, WAXES, POLISHES, BURNISHES,  
ALL TYPES OF FLOORS

Write for descriptive literature or request a demonstration on your premises.

Technical experts at area offices throughout the country will call by appointment to solve your particular floor cleaning problems.

R. G. DIXON & CO. LTD.,  
WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX

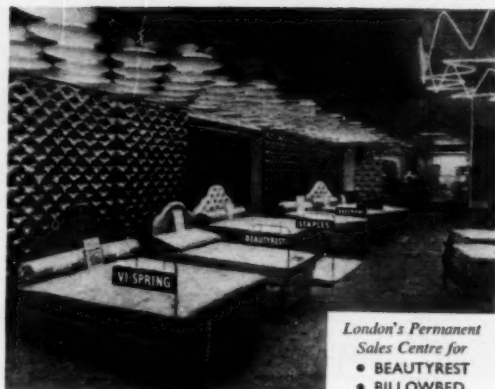
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★ Multipleanimations should ask for details of Dixon's FLOOR GROUP. FRENCH SCHEME planned to cut cleaning costs still further.



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Easier to choose

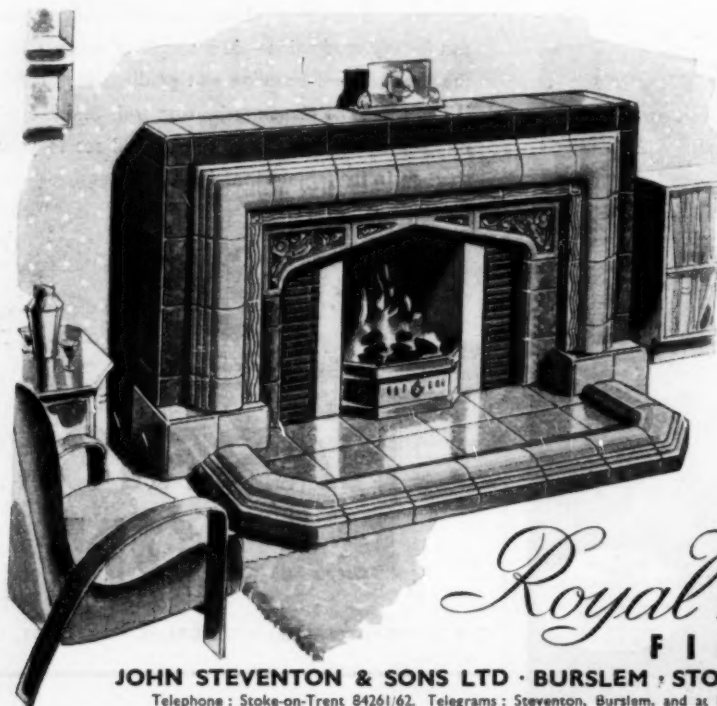
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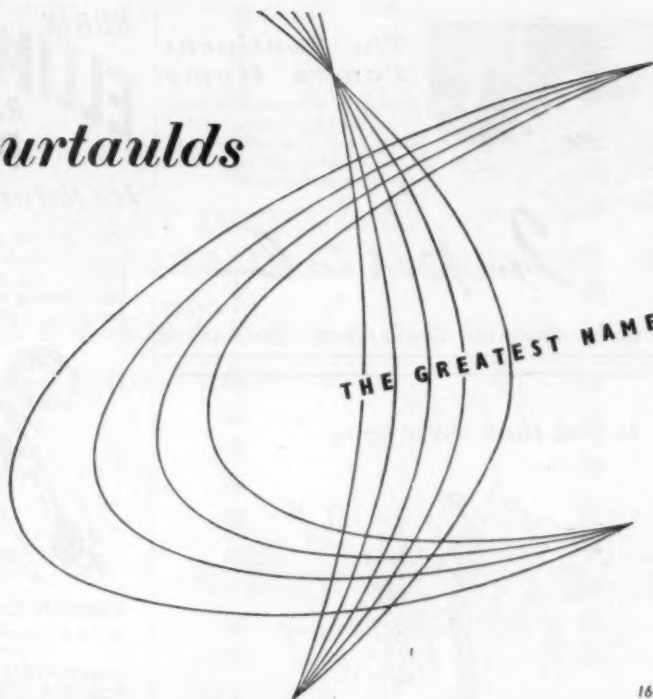


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I advise Jamal. It's  
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it brings out the best of  
every hairstyle."

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Styled  
by John  
Henry

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**RUBIN  
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RUB OUT  
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*It's Nature's Way*

When you feel physical pain you instinctively rub. That is Nature's way of easing the pain. Rubbing with ELLIMAN'S does more—it BANISHES PAIN.



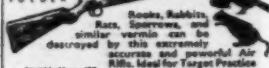
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has been used and trusted by generations of sufferers from

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO,  
SCIATICA, STIFFNESS, etc.

**THE WEBLEY No. III AIR RIFLE**

NO LICENSE REQUIRED TO PURCHASE  
WRITE FOR  
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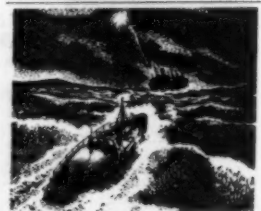
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**STANDING STONES HOTEL**  
Stonnes, ORKNEY

... a veritable fisher's paradise

Superb cuisine & wines (fully licensed). Elec. light & H & O all rooms. Every modern comfort for the angler. Telegram: "Hotel, Stonnes, Orkney."



Lifeboatmen volunteer their lives . . . you can volunteer a contribution . . . Help them to carry on this voluntary work of saving lives by sending a contribution however small.

**ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**  
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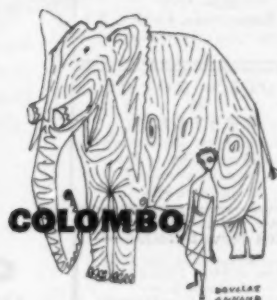
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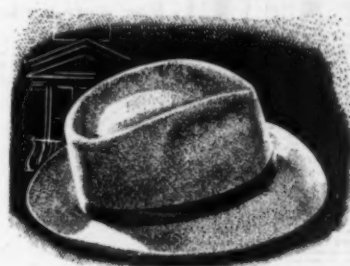
*Speke Hall is Liverpool's most cherished heritage of antiquity. Its half-timbered fabric, mullioned windows, bridge and moat delight the eye and prepare the visitors for the treasures within, the Great Hall and the Great Parlour, the courtyard with its magnificent yew trees, the priest's refuge and, not least, the magnificent kitchens.*

Martins Bank has made a friendly personal approach a particular feature of its service to customers. The Bank's system of decentralisation of control into clearly defined districts ensures the full advantage of local knowledge, and with the care and consideration of your branch manager the "personal touch" is ensured.

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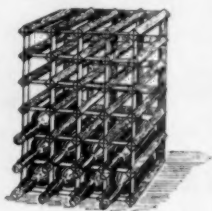
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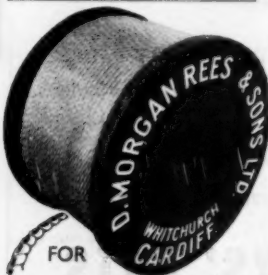
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**SECRETS OF BOLS LIQUEURS.**



Bland and mellow nectar  
distilled from the  
little oranges  
of the Isle of Curaçao...

In the Dutch West Indies lies the sun-drenched Isle of Curaçao, land of exotic fruits and home of the far-famed Curaçao oranges. These little oranges are gathered with devoted care, for from their peel (and other precious ingredients) is distilled Bols Dry Orange Curaçao, the liqueur which has been described as "a bland and mellow nectar spiked with romance".

**BOLS  
dry orange  
CURAÇAO**

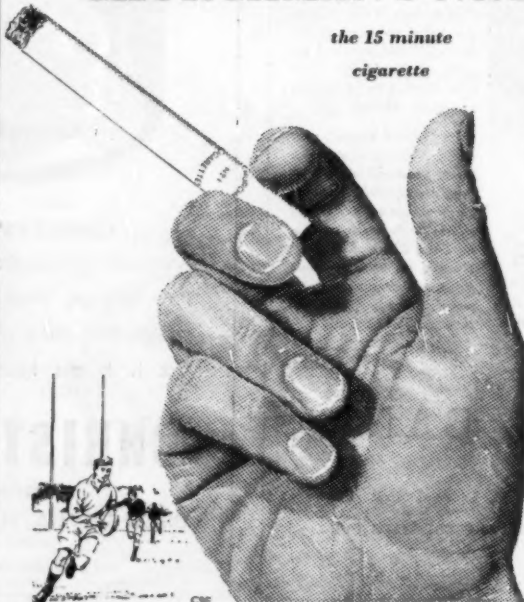
★ The House of Bols was founded in Amsterdam in 1575—over thirty years before Rembrandt was born.  
Other Bols liqueurs include Cherry Bols, Apricot Bols and Balakummet.



For extra pleasure and satisfaction—

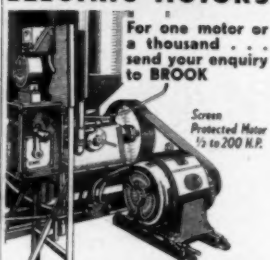
**CHURCHMAN'S No. 1**

the 15 minute  
cigarette



Punch, January 10 1951

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against  
pain**

MODERN medical science has proved that for real relief from pain, what is needed is not one remedial agent, but a combination of four.  
● These four agents—acetyl-salicylic acid, phenacetin and codeine (which are sedatives) and caffeine (which is a stimulant) combined together, act synergistically in 'Cogene'. That is why 'Cogene' is so effective for quick and satisfying relief of headaches, rheumatic pains, toothache, backache, neuralgia, and for help against colds. Non-habit forming. No harmful after-effects. 1/3 from all chemists.

**'COGENE'**

Reg'd. Brand Tablets  
the perfect modern formula  
for the 4-way relief of pain

A 'GENATORIAN' PRODUCT



*It will resist with good tempered serenity the slams and buffets of light-hearted humanity — even ebullient secretaries. It resists, too, rot and vermin, twisting and warping. It is a door made to last — and last it will for a very long time.*

*The Pressed Metal Division of Williams and Williams is just as important as those divisions that make metal windows or glass walls as long as the Queen Mary, its doors and door frames are constructed with the same imagineering (our word sir, and a good one) that has made Williams and Williams products stay good all over the world.*

*So come in again Miss Smith. Write to Williams & Williams. Write to them at Hooton, Cheshire or look up their local office in the book. It is around the corner in most of the great cities of the civilised world.*

**Pressed Metal Division of**

**WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS**

**Limited**

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LONDON ADDRESS: VICTORIA HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1

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WHENEVER you have an important conference—whether it is to meet some influential clients or for briefing your own people—accommodation is a problem. You need somewhere central, somewhere spacious, and somewhere, perhaps, with a quiet air of luxury. At the Connaught Rooms you may hire a single room for 10 or a suite for 1,000. In adjoining rooms you can exhibit your wares, hold your meetings and, most important of all, entertain your guests to the sort of thoroughly successful luncheon or dinner that is a contributory part of thoroughly successful meetings.

## CONNAUGHT ROOMS

472

## Banqueting Rooms



"Come along kiddies, you can all give a hand in making the place look nice and bright for the party tomorrow. It's so easy with this Mansion Polish. But remember that a little goes a long way and don't use too much."

**For Dark Woods use DARK MANSION**  
Tins 9 1/4, 1/5 and 4/6

**RIPE, LUSCIOUS LEMONS FROM  
SUN-KISSED GROVES**



**You get real fruit juice  
when you insist on IDRIS**

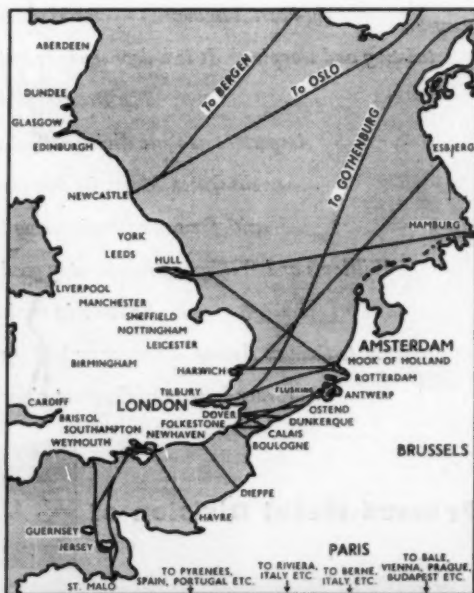
That is why you should ask for Idris *by name*. You will then get a squash that is extra juicy, extra fruity—delicious, refreshing and health-giving. Insist on Idris and be sure of superb quality.

TRY IT—AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE

# IDRIS

THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

LEMON, ORANGE, LIME, GRAPE FRUIT—SQUASHES 3/- PER BOTTLE



## DIRECT ROUTES TO THE CONTINENT





# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



## CHARIVARIA

ALTHOUGH the January sales have been well attended, indignant women customers are saying that never before have they had to pay such exorbitant prices for bargains.



During 1950, seven hundred and ninety-six "significant" shocks were recorded by the Harvard University seismograph station—a greater number than in any year since 1906. At the moment, 1951 looks like being even more of a bumper year.

"In the last war a huge scheme for food shortage was put only partly into operation."

*Exeter paper*

We've progressed since then.

A Chelsea artist offers to perform domestic duties, including help with the weekly wash, in return for studio accommodation. He is not particular where he hangs out, either.

c

"— CARS OF  
LEIGHTON BUZZARD  
Offer the discerning motorist a varied selection of really carefully chosen family saloons, sports saloons, drop-head coupes, cabriolets and open sporting cars. . . . Incidentally, our exclusive 7 DAYS FREE TRIAL offer has now been in operation for six weeks during which time not a single car has been brought back. This, we feel, is significant."

*Advt. in "Bucks Herald"*

So do we.



According to a commentator, if the Fraudulent Mediums Bill goes through the House of Commons many charlatans will be driven out of the country. Flying sorcerers will be reported from all directions.

33

Many newly recruited post-men are now undergoing probationary training in preparation for an improved service. It would be wrong, however, to assume that they are simply being tried on the dog.

a

"Scraptoft Parish Council are to protest against the County Council's refusal to impose a 30 m.p.h. speed limit on Station Lane, Scraptoft. . . ."

The Vicar of Scraptoft has informed the Council that there is sufficient burial space in the churchyard for some years to come."

*"Leicester Advertiser"*

See? There's nothing to worry about.

a

Russia claims another first in a recent issue of the magazine *Knowledge-Power*, which says a giant space ship from another world crashed in Siberia forty-two years ago. It is understood that officials from Moscow recently visited the district to jog the memories of middle-aged people regarding the incident.



BOULES.

## ANOTHER SENSATIONAL ROBBERY

THE theft of the Albert Memorial last night is causing some concern.

"I passed it on my beat at 10 p.m." said the constable on duty, "and, lo and behold, when I came back again it was gone." "You could have knocked me down with a feather," commented a park keeper (he is an exceptionally strong, burly man), "when I found the old Memorial was not in its usual place."

Various theories of the astonishing crime are being investigated by Scotland Yard. It is pointed out in the first place that the very size of the Memorial makes it extremely difficult to conceal, and all buildings throughout the country capable of housing it are being carefully combed by the local police. "It may, on the other hand," said an inspector, "have been broken up, and disposed of piecemeal through Amsterdam, or some other centre of the receiving trade, and we are in touch with the Security Bureaux of at least three continents, at the same time keeping a careful eye on all ports for out-going vessels, and making a careful scrutiny of their cargoes."

It will be remembered vividly by most of our readers that the task of constructing this magnificent monument was entrusted to Sir George Gilbert Scott in 1862, and carried out in the style of a thirteenth-century reliquary or *ciborium*, adorned with statues and reliefs in marble and bronze. The figure of Prince Albert alone stands, or sits, thirteen feet high and weighs nearly ten tons, so that the labour of removing even this portion of the pile would be far beyond the powers of any ordinary sneak thief, and must, in the words of the C.I.D., "have been almost certainly the work of a gang."

Had the robbery a political motive? If so, from what country, or what section of the community, did the malefactors come? On the platform, which is twenty thousand square feet in extent, are a hundred and sixty-nine men in white marble, of all times and places, who won fame in literature and music, painting and other arts; and this fact largely increases the range of suspicion. Besides Milton, Shakespeare and Chaucer, Haydon, Gainsborough and Reynolds, Inigo Jones and Wren, there are to be found Handel, Mozart and Rembrandt, together with Rubens in a sitting posture, Molière and Cervantes, Phidias, Lysippus and Praxiteles.

Cimabue is chatting to Giotto, and Fra Angelico is kneeling down and looking towards Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael. Donatello is talking cheerfully to Michelangelo, who is seated on a platform with models of his Dawn and Night behind him.

It is suggestive, perhaps, that Pietro Torrigiano also is included among these marmoreal men. Torrigiano broke Michelangelo's nose (though this is not shown in the sculpture) and fled to England, where he designed the tomb of Henry VII. Is it possible that the outrage

was committed by some vindictive but patriotic denizen of the Soho underworld? Purcell, Turner, Roubillac, Canova and Flaxman are also commemorated, but it is not felt that their careers are likely to have provided any adequate motive for the deed of vandalism. It is noticeable, however, that Racine is not included in the muster of great poets, and this omission may have incited some band of French desperadoes to a crime of infatuate revenge. Or can the presence of the marble figures representing Asia and Africa, attended by camels and elephants, have inflamed the revolutionary feeling of Indian and Egyptian Nationalists? The view is also taken that Communist agitators, the I.R.A., Existentialists, Baconians, or a clique of Chelsea art students may have had a hand in the escapade.

All these possibilities are being diligently canvassed by Scotland Yard. "I wish we had Mr. Sherlock Holmes to help us now," said one spokesman, turning over a pile of musty documents. "We shall never forget how he came to our rescue in the strange affair of the loss of the Bank of England, and the curious incident of the disappearance of Cleopatra's Needle, proving by pure induction that the first would be found at the country residence of van Schluys, the Wall Street millionaire, and the second in the Thames near the Isle of Dogs."

The plinth of the structure, formed of a single mass of concrete sixty thousand cubic feet in size, and the hundred and eighty granite steps leading up to the actual memorial have happily not been removed, being probably too cumbersome for the marauders to handle, but a search for footprints and fingerprints has so far proved fruitless; and one of the most disturbing features of the whole affair is the fact that the Government had contemplated a series of choral dances around the monument, in which members of the L.C.C. and Cabinet Ministers were to participate, in connection with the Festival of Britain this year.

The loss of the four groups representing Manufacturing, Engineering, Agriculture and Commerce is for this reason particularly to be deplored.

Poses of policemen are guarding the site continuously, holding the belief that the criminal always returns to the scene of his misdeeds; but, in the meantime, the Whitestone pond at Hampstead and the Boating Lake in Battersea Park are being dredged in vain.

EVOE

6 6

THAT ONE!

BEFORE you play records like this,

At twenty-to-eight in the morning,

Do you think, B.B.C., there could possibly be

Some kind of Cacophony Warning!



### PERILOUS JOURNEY

"All together, boys."



"Miss Cartright in here is having to do the work of two people."

## THE WRITER'S CRAFT

### VI. PRESENTATION

"AFTERWARDS, we walked into Penrith.

There Wordsworth left me in excellent quarters—the house of Captain Wordsworth, from which the family happened to be absent.

WHITHER HE HIMSELF ADJOURNED I KNOW NOT, NOR ON WHAT BUSINESS; HOWEVER, IT OCCUPIED HIM THROUGHOUT THE NEXT DAY; AND, THEREFORE, I EMPLOYED MYSELF IN SAUNTERING ALONG THE ROAD, ABOUT SEVENTEEN MILES, TO KESWICK."—*De Quincey.*

"Beauty is a value, whatever its object may be, but it is only an essential value if it exalts the soul and so enables it to accept or to be in a fit emotional state to accept more important values.

BUT WHAT THE DICKENS IS THE SOUL?"—*Maugham.*

\* \* \* \* \*

However curious the facts that a journalist may wish to put before his readers, however lively and pungent his style, all will be wasted

unless he takes every means in his power to ensure that his work is presented in as attractive a form as possible. One of the ways in which he may do this—the breaking up of the matter into easily assimilated fragments and the use of variations in emphasis to hold the reader's attention—is illustrated by the quotations with which I have begun this article. It should be realized that the authors responsible did not themselves make use of this method. I have taken the liberty of recasting the passages, and I fancy that a glance at the originals will show that they have not suffered in the process.

Let us see, then, how we can best make use of this method to brighten up our work. We specialize, shall we say, in articles on Tolstoy, and a rise in the price of caviar has provided sufficient stimulus to our market to warrant an attempt at such an article. I shall assume, in this case, that we do not aim at *The Times*—not that the editor, as far as I am aware, has anything against Tolstoy, but because I happen to know that he recently rejected by return of post the life story of a heavyweight boxer written in this particular way. It is clear that he has set his face against the method. Instead, let us try one of the lighter Sunday papers.

Now, we must not be so simple as to start our article in some such way as this:

"THE RECENT STARTLING RISE IN THE PRICE OF CAVIAR . . ."

and so on.

The capitals will naturally be reserved for what Tennyson used to call the "meat." I should suggest an opening on these lines:

"The recent startling rise in the price of caviar will turn the minds of many to Russia, and perhaps to one of her most famous sons. Brought up by an aunt, heavily-bearded Count Leo (*War and Peace*) Tolstoy studied under a French tutor until 1843, when he was sent to the University of Kazan.

NO SCHOLAR

*He did not distinguish himself scholastically, and on leaving college*



*gave himself up to pleasure for some years. In 1851 he joined the Russian artillery in the Caucasus.*

'I FOLLOW GORTCHAKOV!'

ON THE OUTBREAK OF THE CRIMEAN WAR HE TOOK COMMAND UNDER PRINCE GORTCHAKOV AND FOUGHT AT SILISTRIA AND AT SEBASTOPOL, ETC., ETC."

Sometimes the addition of a second line to the sub-title can be very effective:

"ENTER TURGENEV  
'I like him—but . . .'

HE WON THE ADMIRATION OF TURGENEV, BUT THE RESPECT THEY HAD FOR EACH OTHER DID NOT GROW INTO ANYTHING WARMER ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR DIFFERENCES OF OPINION."

Another method of securing variety is to use plenty of dialogue. Even when the columns are already well broken up some readers will still grasp eagerly at the diversion promised by a little conversation. Wherever possible I like to introduce dialect, since I consider that it strikes a note of freshness, but in this case it would be unwise to attempt it. Most editors are sadly conventional, and in spite of the fact that some, at any rate, of Tolstoy's contemporaries did not speak Russian with a pure accent, any attempt to secure realism with an occasional "Nay, Tolstoy, lad!" or something of the kind would certainly be cut out, if, indeed, it did not result in the rejection of the entire article.

The great essential with dialogue is that it must at all costs be natural. Let us suppose that we wish to introduce into the dialogue the information that Tolstoy has freed his serfs. How shall we do it? What is Tolstoy to say? "This morning, my dear Turgenev, I put into effect a project that for many years has been very close to my heart. I have informed my serfs that henceforward they need no longer consider themselves under any obligation to me whatsoever." Hopeless. The following passage

may give some idea of what is required:

"Morning, Tolstoy."  
"Morning, Turgenev. Cold."  
"Very. Cigarette?"  
"Thanks."

Tolstoy blew out a cloud of smoke.

'I've freed the serfs.'

Turgenev whistled.

'Freed the serfs, eh?'

'You're surprised?' The burly mystic chuckled impishly, etc., etc."

This is infinitely better than a solid mass of unrelieved narrative.

"If once I had overpassed those bogs and brakes and quagmires, that lie between me and the free arena,"

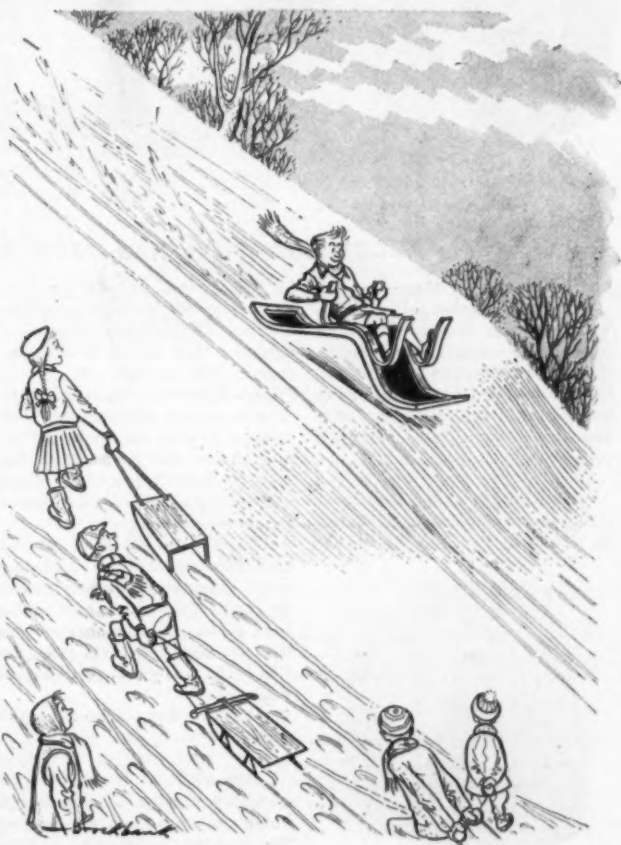
wrote Thomas Carlyle, "I shall make some fellows stand to the right and left—or I mistake me greatly." May I venture to hope that these brief notes on presentation will serve to help some young writer out of at least one bog, if I may so put it, and perhaps even to set him on the highroad to success?

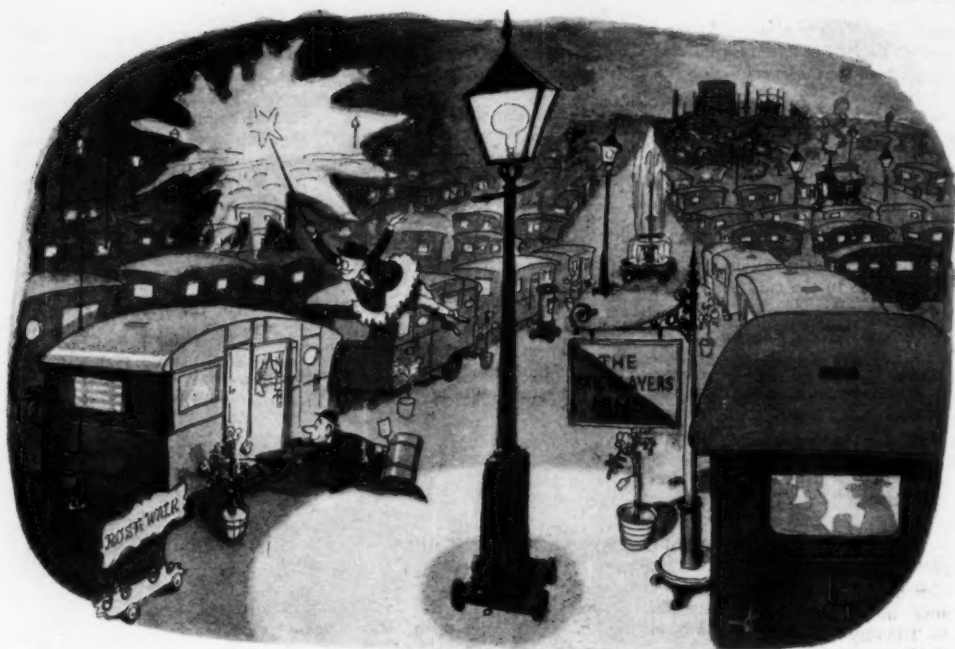
T. S. WATT

#### For the Wide Boys?

"Common Entrance.—One or two narrow misses will be considered for acceptance in January, 1951, by modern boarding school for 100 boys."

Advt. in "Daily Telegraph"





## ACCOMMODATION HAS BEEN ARRANGED



THE ensuing story—as the great legion of aspiring writers for the Press so often observe in their covering letters to the Editor—has the additional merit of being founded on fact, as anyone who went to Olympia last week can confirm.

I

Timothy Elk smiled happily, as the train puffed out of Hickston on its way to London. All his life

he had wanted to attend a convention in the great capital, but somehow he had never quite managed it. Now at last it had happened; the management of the Superb Cinema Circuit had summoned all the managers of their cinemas to meet in London, Dick Smoothman, the manager of the Hickston Superb, was unable to go, and he, Timothy Elk, was to attend the meeting in his place.

Timothy let his mind wander over the prospect of the joys before him. "Transport will meet you at the station," said the letter from the head office. "Accommodation has been arranged." Would it be the Ritz? The Savoy? The Paddington Palace?

Outside, snow began to fall gently.

II

Meanwhile Mr. Goldpurse, the managing director of the Superb Circuit, sat in a deep armchair at the Paddington Palace. How smoothly things had gone! Five

hundred delegates were expected to his conference; five hundred single beds and single breakfasts had been reserved; a block of five hundred free seats kept for *Love's Sacrifice* at the Leicester Square Superb.

He little knew that, almost immediately above him, tragedy loomed. Into Room No. 103 a sinister Oriental sidled furtively, bearing a leather suitcase. He was the head of a vast North Korean spy ring, and the suitcase contained a small atom bomb; for he was under the erroneous impression that the meeting to take place there that night was the annual dinner of the General Staff.

Downstairs Mr. Goldpurse rose lazily to his feet. "I think I shall just go out and get an evening paper," he told his secretary.

III

When Mr. Goldpurse heard the bang he acted with that swift decision for which he was renowned. First he telephoned the Air Ministry





roof. There had been a fall of '08 inches of snow; therefore it was certain that every train in the country would be at least an hour late. He had an hour in hand. Calling in at a near-by secretarial agency for a new secretary, he set to work.

## IV

It was six o'clock when the Paddington Palace was destroyed. At seven-twelve, punctually an hour behind time, Timothy's train drew into King's Cross Station. As Timothy jumped down to the platform with his suitcase a long, low limousine glided to a halt beside him. "Mr. Elk?" asked the chauffeur. Timothy, too awed to speak (for he could not see the sign at the back which said HACKNEY CARRIAGE 6 SEATS), nodded, and the driver signalled him to get in.

## V

After a drive that seemed to Timothy all too short the car put him down outside a vast hall. A man in the uniform of the Superb organization approached him, took his bag, and bade him enter.

For a moment Timothy hesitated. What would they think of him, the people who lived in these great London hotels? Had he been right, for instance, to wear with his blue suit the tie bearing a hand-painted portrait of Miss Dorothy Lamour? But in an instant he pulled himself together and went in.

The sight that met his eyes dumbfounded him. Instead of the luxurious foyer of a grand hotel he found himself in a vast hall, vaster even than the Superb Cinema at Hickston. And in every direction,

as far as the eye could reach, the floor was covered with serried ranks of—caravans! So this was where his accommodation was. What a story to tell when he got back to Hickston!

It was a complete caravan village, laid out in converging streets around a central square. "You'll be in Hayworth Lane, Mr. Elk," Timothy's guide said to him. "I expect you'd like to have a wash first; and then you'll find a mobile pub on the corner of Bogart Street, and there's dinner at the mobile cafeteria in Dietrich Drive. If you need anything, please don't hesitate to ask."

After a good dinner Timothy set himself to inspect the caravan village. Besides the pub and the cafeteria there were caravan shops and a caravan post office; the



fountain in the middle of the square, Timothy noticed, ran on wheels, and the very lamp-posts that lined the streets were mobile. Far away on the edge of the hall were the mobile gasworks and the portable duck-pond. I would like to go on about how our hero met a mobile manageress from Birmingham and, after a lightning courtship, got married to her in the mobile church; but that is another story, and not one that will stand up to much examination anyway.

## EPILOGUE

You say the whole thing is fantastic and impossible? But it has just happened. A firm of soap manufacturers, wishing to call a conference of three hundred delegates at short notice, decided that

it was useless to try to book accommodation for them in hotels, especially in Festival year. So they towed a hundred and forty-four trailer caravans into the National Hall at Olympia and created an entire village, which they called "Caralympia." True, there were no mobile fountains or lamp-posts; but there was a little portable flower garden and a bar and even a theatre. True, it was not laid on at an hour's notice, but at six weeks'; but then one would have said that the problem of parking a hundred and fifty caravans, almost touching one another, in a closed room, would have taken six weeks by itself. Every caravan had electric light laid on; some even had baths. And the bedrooms, two to a caravan, each equipped with a double bed (but only for single occupants), seemed to compare well with an average hotel room for comfort. There were *ad hoc* postal services, while telephones, "usual offices" and—as it happened—a circus were already in position.

As an ingenious solution to the accommodation problem, and as a bravura piece of staff-work, "Caralympia" certainly earned high marks. Anyone proposing to hold a convention while the rival affair on the South Bank is going on should give the idea his attention; apart from such minor disadvantages as the difficulty of keeping gipsies out, it provides the amenities of a large hotel more-or-less wherever you want it, and at the same time appeals to the Englishman's traditional love of adventure by kidding him that he is living a gay open-air life. B. A. YOUNG



## AT THE PICTURES

*Harvey—Into the Blue—The Undefeated*

**T**HE curious institution conventionally known as the Character Part has certain well-defined peculiarities, one of which is that the personage it represents, though he (it is usually a man) doesn't get a girl at the final curtain, spends a good deal of his time and energy playing Cupid to other people: standing with benevolent looks in the wings while the hero and heroine kiss by the footlights, or telling each of them independently the simple explanation of the other's baffling behaviour. The central figure of *Harvey* (Director: HENRY KOSTER)—and I don't mean that imaginary six-foot rabbit—is an obvious character part of this kind, and it may seem odd to find playing it one whom we are accustomed to see as a romantic hero, JAMES STEWART. But the point about this character is that it should arouse personal sympathy and affectionate,

not derisory, amusement: it is at the root of the story's power to create suspense and work to a climax that we should be deeply concerned for Elwood P. Dowd and want him to go on in his contented eccentricity without being deprived of his invisible companion. Mr. STEWART presents to perfection the dreamy, kind, imperturbable, gregarious Elwood; the question whether he "makes the rabbit visible," which is often argued (and has been since the play was first shown) as if it were capable of conclusive proof one way or the other, I won't go into. The main fault of this production has nothing to do with Mr. STEWART, whose excellence is such as to make one almost overlook it: a certain robust and raucous insensitiveness about the treatment of the scenes in the mental home, where Elwood's sister (played with rich comic energy by JOSEPHINE HULL) is seized and for a time incarcerated in circumstances that are not comfortable to think about—if one stops to think. Apart from that, it is very much a photographed play, with that distinctive deep-focus look about the scenes in a solidly-furnished house, that notably extensive view (without much contrast) of an interior set, that are often met with in films of stage successes; but at least one of the scenes away from the house is admirable in its own right. I mean the little episode in a dimly-lit alley outside a bar, where Elwood describes his first meeting with Harvey. This is beautifully done in every department. As a whole, it is Mr. STEWART's picture; though there is much else to enjoy, and the unthinking should enjoy all of it.

Surprisingly hard words have been said about *Into the Blue* (Director: HERBERT WILCOX); some people who went to it with high hopes seem to have felt let down. With Mr. WILCOX directing MICHAEL WILDING in a Wilding production, there were (it seems) eager expectations of something on the lines of *Spring in Park Lane* or

*[Into the Blue]***Ship Shape**

John Fergusson—JACK HULBERT

*Maytime in Mayfair*, or those other examples of dashing playfulness among the best people at the best addresses, and the fact that this little trifle runs its course without a glimpse of Mayfair or a butler or a sprightly noblewoman, let alone Anna Neagle, is resented. My case is different: frankly I feared that kind of thing, and I was proportionately gratified not to get it. Perhaps relief accounts for my indulgent attitude; allow for that, and don't go away with the idea that I recommend this film in an absolute sense, as something you should make an effort to see. The best things about it are JACK HULBERT's performance and the charming newcomer ODILE VERSOIS. Mr. HULBERT succeeds in brightening even the tired old device—more tired than ever at the end of this piece, where it is used constantly—of following the emphatic refusal to do something with a picture of its being done; and his ease and experience often serve to hide poverty of wit and invention in the script. Mile. VERSOIS is a delightful

*[Harvey]***Questionable Shape**

Elwood P. Dowd—JAMES STEWART



acquisition, very pleasing to watch. The story is something about a holidaying couple on a yacht whose plans to sail to Norway are disorganized by a gay young man with two suspicious-looking suitcases, who attaches himself to them and contrives that they shall take him, pursued by the police, down the inland waterways of France to Monte Carlo. Mr. WILDING plays this man of mystery with his usual cheerfulness, sometimes wearing his hat turned up all round to arouse chuckles from people who chuckle at that kind of thing. The faults of the picture include a tendency to stage grouping (continually we are shown three or four speakers standing at the rail of the yacht) and some desperately facetious subtitles, one of which exhaustedly scrambles for a laugh by describing the mud-flats of Le Havre as "the beauty-specialist's dream of heaven." Perhaps these objections, coupled with the faint praise with which I began, add up to as much condemnation as *Into the Blue* has had elsewhere; but at least it moved me to start with kinder intentions.

In the same programme is *The Undeclared* (Director: PAUL DICKSON), an admirably-done and moving British documentary about the rehabilitation of the disabled. In subject, this has points of resemblance with *The Men*, but the American film, though made with the co-operation of the authorities in an actual hospital for paraplegics, was a full-length fiction "feature," whereas this runs for little more than half an hour and uses only the slightest thread of fiction on which to string its factual details. These are concerned not only with the struggle back to useful, emotionally-adjusted life of a man who has lost both legs and the power of speech, but also with the everyday work of the Ministry of Pensions. The principal character is sensitively played by a non-professional actor who, in fact, has lost both legs, the means by which he and others are helped are displayed with never a false note of sentimentality, and to see the little



"Just a minute, Pop—perhaps this young man can tell us what building it is."

picture is altogether a rewarding experience.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Jofroi* (see "Survey," 3/1/51) is the best value in London for its size, or most other sizes. *All About Eve* (20/12/50) is intensely enjoyable on

a level films very rarely attempt. The Disney *Cinderella* (3/1/51, you have made up your mind about already.

Brightest new release: the cheerful thriller *Highly Dangerous* (27/12/50). On no account overlook the earlier one, *The Asphalt Jungle* (see "Survey," 6/12/50).

RICHARD MALLETT

## HEREWARD ON THE MOON

OUR friend the Mass Observer has been again.

"We are out to discover," he told us, "people's reactions to inter-planetary travel."

"You mean," said my brother Auguste, "would we like to go to the moon?"

"Not necessarily. I am thinking of travelling in space in a general way."

"Are you indeed?" said Auguste with interest. "Fancy!"

"Don't be so silly, Auguste," said my sister Alexandrina. "He means would we like to go to Mars or somewhere in a saucer? I'm afraid I wouldn't very much."

"I've read," said Theodore, Alexandrina's husband, "that some ingenious persons are preparing plans for space-ships, which I understand to be some kind of large rocket. It is perhaps something of this kind that you have in mind?" he suggested politely to the Observer, who agreed that it was.

"Of course!" said Gloriana excitedly. "I know. I saw a film about it. You lie on a sofa and they shoot you up from the Mo-some-thing Desert. I doubt if we could afford the fare to Mexico or wherever it is: could we, darling?"

From behind his newspaper in the corner Hereward, her husband, said "What?"

"It's like a V2," said Auguste, "but doesn't explode."

"And there's no gravity," said Gloriana. "You float about and things bounce off the walls."

"Good," said Theodore. "That means no deck tennis, or throwing quoits into buckets, or—shuffle-board," he concluded, quaint old-fashioned globe-trotter that he is.

"On the other hand," said Auguste, "drinking is difficult, they tell me. Drinks come out of the glass and float about in globules. You prod at them with a straw and they break up into marbles and then into shot and finally disappear altogether."

"What happens then?" I inquired curiously.

"You go thirsty for the next few hundred thousand miles, and

then when gravity begins again you find the deck's awash and you're ankle-deep in whisky and soda."

"You mean the ceiling's awash," said Theodore.

"No, no," said Auguste. "By some means that I confess is not quite clear to me the pilot has managed to turn the ship round."

"You mean it's now whizzing backwards?" said Alexandrina incredulously.

"Of course. You wouldn't want to nose-dive on to Mercury, would you?"

"Me? I stay here. But how will they land, then?"

I helped the observer to another globe of tea and a shot of milk.

"Well," Auguste explained learnedly. "It's just like taking off, only the other way round. They light up the furnace again, to shoot out fire, and the rocket stands on its own tail, so to speak, and lowers itself gingerly to the ground. And, of course, they'll have taken enough fuel with them to get back again."

"It must need an awful lot of petrol," said Gloriana dubiously.

"I understand," said Auguste, "that the fuel used is not petrol—which would be pretty dangerous in a rocket, come to think of it—but hydrogen peroxide."

"Oh, go on," said Alexandrina. "That's the stuff in the bathroom cupboard, that bubbles if you cut your finger."



"I don't believe it," said Gloriana. "And anyway, I still don't see how they could possibly get back, because they would all be inside and there would be nobody outside to fire the rocket."

"You mean," said Theodore, nodding sagely, "to put a smouldering cigarette-end to the blue touch-paper and stand well clear."

"Well, whatever it is they do."

Auguste waved the objection aside and turned to the Observer, who was looking slightly depressed.

"Have we answered your question, sir?" he asked him courteously.

"Well—er—not entirely," he replied, started at being addressed. "I really meant, more, do you think that interplanetary travel is a good idea in itself, or perhaps that we should be wiser to stay quietly where we are and leave the whole thing alone?"

"Quietly," said Theodore thoughtfully. "I see what you mean," he added.

"Thank you," said the Observer, and looked round hopelessly.

Hereward suddenly put down his paper.

"I am in favour of it," he stated.

The Observer opened his notebook and licked his pencil.

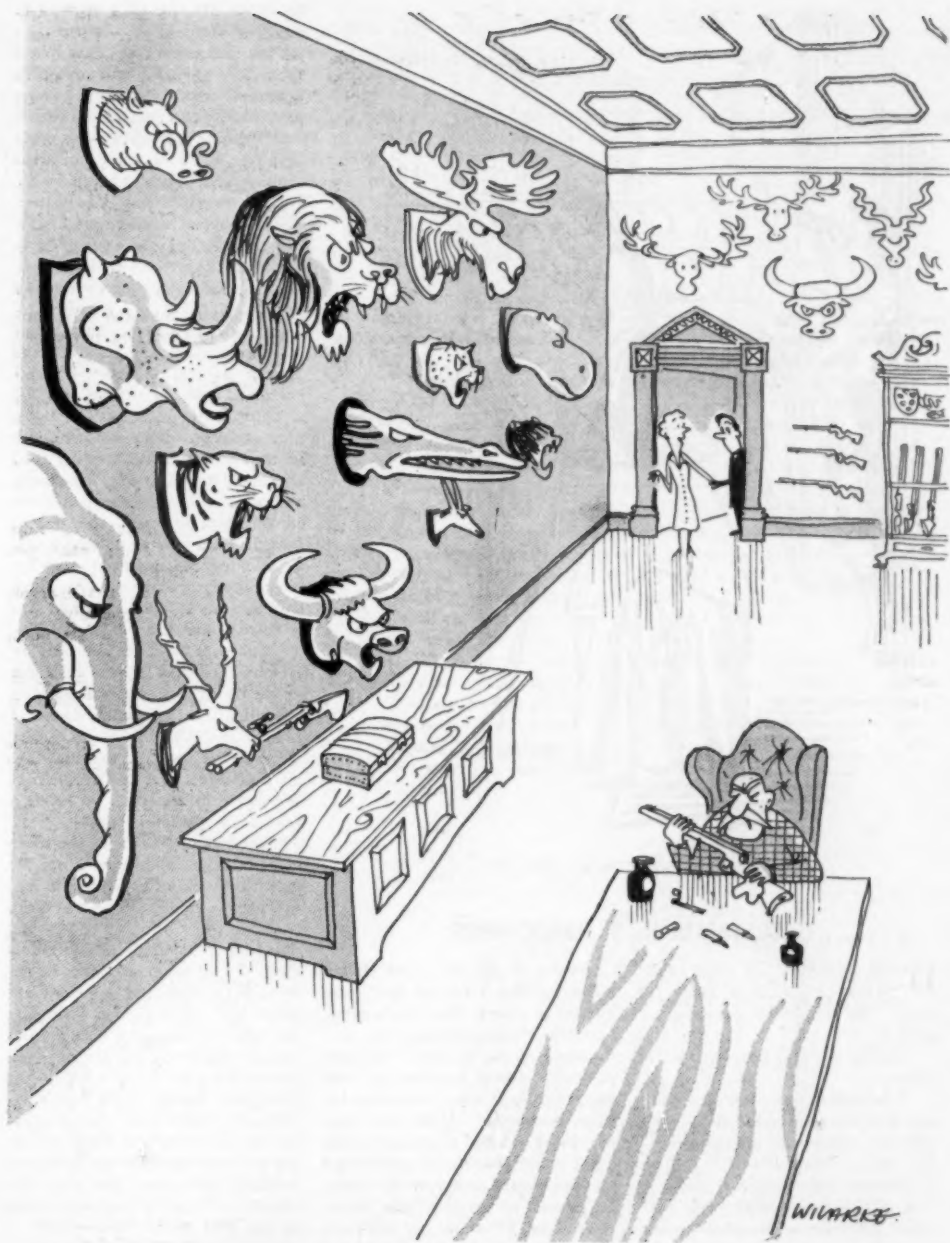
"The green-cheese hypothesis having been abandoned," said Hereward, "astro-physicists have for some time inclined to the view that the moon is a solid sphere composed of—er—something else. But no one has ever seen the far side of the moon, and I have long held that it is not a sphere at all but a hollow basin. I look forward with keen anticipation to the day when space travellers will be able to go round to the back and look inside."

He picked up the Racing Calendar and said no more.

The Observer wrote a thoughtful "6" in the column in his notebook headed "Don't Know," and, with much gravity, glided away into outer space.

"WEBB TO BE PRESSED FOR  
HIGHER QUALITY MEAT."  
"Glasgow Evening Citizen"

Well, he would keep on about those sausages.



"Go right in and ask him—he won't eat you."



"And this is my husband's little den."

## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

**DEAR CRAKE**,—I find this rather an awkward letter to write. The whole thing is really so absurd.

Do we, or do we not, know each other?

I believe it was about a month ago that you returned to the village after an absence of some twenty-five years. I remember you well as a delicate, rather stunted child, a little diffident and backward, perhaps. Nevertheless, no one was more eager to take part, however awkwardly, in whatever—but I will go into all that in a moment.

It was during last week that I encountered you for the first time since your return. You were coming out of the station booking office and I recognized you at once. Facially you have altered surprisingly little since childhood, except of course for your moustache. Well, my train was due, and I had to get my ticket, but I smiled pleasantly and raised my newspaper in a sort of salute. It seemed to me that you bared your teeth. Of course, we will have many a good laugh over this in the future, and no doubt the whole thing is simply a stupid misunderstanding,

but I can describe your grimace in no other way.

Our next meeting took place yesterday, when I found myself in the same compartment with you on the 8.45. By this time I had decided that the first advances must come from you, and I was careful to avoid meeting your eye. Unfortunately I had forgotten my newspaper, which would have been a great help, and after feigning to look intently through the window for some minutes—though owing to rain and dirt I could see only my own reflection—I was forced to busy myself with the contents of my wallet. The journey seemed endless. Twice I examined with the utmost care my identity card, National Insurance number card, driving licence, car insurance certificate, medical card and insurance contributions card, and made some meaningless notes on the back of my Dental Form, Part 6. I can assure you that it was with some relief that I put away the twopenny-halfpenny stamp which had seen me through the final two or three minutes.

Now it is quite obvious that we are bound to meet frequently, living as we do in the same village and travelling on the same train (I caught the 9.5 this morning and stood all the way). It may possibly do something to smooth our next encounter if I attempt to recall, a few of our past associations.

We first met down on the rocks at South Bay, when your nurse fell into what we used to call the "sting-fish pool." Joan Panting was there—she is Mrs. Copley now; her daughter is secretary of the tennis club. I can see you clearly in my mind's eye, with your sailor suit and straw hat, waving your shrimping net and screaming for help, and myself blundering into the pool and getting her out—I was a self-reliant youngster, though a bit foolhardy. We met on several other occasions—do you remember your father throwing you into the deep end at the old bathing pool?—but the one that stands out most vividly took place at the first hockey club dance. I was sitting with Eileen Whaley, and you came across—your back stud seemed to have come adrift, if I

remember rightly—and asked her for the next dance. You were wearing one of those little carnival caps, fastened with elastic, and you had hardly opened your mouth before the elastic broke and the cap shot into the middle of the floor. Eileen and I were in convulsions. It must have been soon afterwards that you went out to Australia—what on earth made you dash off almost overnight like that?—but I think the last time we met you were just off to have all your teeth out, a day or two after you were dropped from the first team.

Well, as you see, we've really known each other quite well in the past, and I see no reason why such a pleasant association should be allowed to lapse. Drop me a line when you have a moment or, better still, come round some evening and have a chat about old times.

Yours sincerely,

Henry Barkley

Dear Barkley,—I'm sorry to have failed to recognize you at the station the other day. I remember the whole thing quite clearly. As it seemed to me, you rushed into the booking office, glared at me angrily, and raised your paper in what I must say I thought was a rather threatening manner. You have put on a good deal of weight, I think, since the old days, and it certainly never occurred to me that you could be "Porky" Barkley, the hulking, simple lad who used to wait so eagerly for permission to join in our childish games. On the second occasion I'm afraid I still looked upon you as the rather violent stranger of the booking office: I left the train at the next station and waited for the 9.5 which, as you say, has little to recommend it.

We must certainly meet and have a chat about old times. Do you still fish? Perhaps we could have a day together? I well remember you breaking your top joint when you lost that salmon in the Bridge Pool, and dear old Colonel Clark chasing you through Swaneyholm wood with his Alsatian. He's still president of the dramatic club, I see. What a night that was

when you fell off the stage in *Arms and the Man*!

Perhaps we could meet in town one day? I usually have coffee with old Baxter, who used to referee our hockey games. He's getting on now, of course, but he still has the same delightfully hearty laugh and sense of fun. He was reminding me only

last week of the time he had to order you off the field in that terrific match against Little Ticeley. Any morning at about eleven, in that little café where you had the brawl with the manager. I'll look forward to it.

Yours sincerely, Charles Crake.  
T. S. WATT

## BACK ROOM JOYS

### AFTER A PARTY

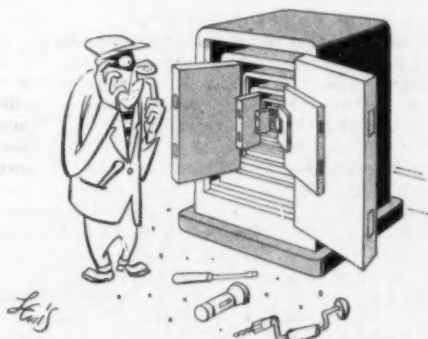
OF course, we all enjoy a party . . . or nearly all—  
Wedding, cocktail, dance, what-have-you or ball—  
But it's the half-hour after, before bed or "a bit of dinner,"  
With one, two, at the most three congenial friends  
That's the winner.

How one unbends!

Discarding the unessentials we had to suffer—  
That somebody's-aunt, that nameless old fly-fishing buffer,  
Lacunæ of boredom, puddles of nothing-at-all—  
We distil the fine attar, we mine for the jewels, the small;  
And with great, round, wide-in-the-pupilly eyes  
Analyse.

"Did you hear . . . did you know . . . did you see . . .  
Said to her . . . said to him . . . said to me . . ."  
We are holding our joy in the hand, the winged little rover,  
Turning him this way and that, upside, downside and over,  
Like a child with a toy, like a cat . . .  
Well, yes; we *have* been called that.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON







*"Thank goodness—Granny's sleeping like a child!"*

## FINESSE

AS Colman opened the door of one carriage I tried to escape by darting into the next one, but he pointed out that it was a non-smoker, and I was puffing a cigarette.

"Now this is a very interesting hand," said Colman, as he spread out his paper. "There is really nothing like duplicate bridge to stimulate the mind."

I didn't want my mind stimulated at that hour in the morning, but I had to look at the diagram Colman pushed under my nose.

N.	
Spades.	Q, 7
Hearts.	9, 8, 4, 3, 2
Diamonds.	K, Q, 7, 5
Clubs.	A, 10
W.	
Spades.	9, 3
Hearts.	A, K, 7
Diamonds.	A, 10, 9, 8, 6
Clubs.	J, 4, 3
E.	
Spades.	A, K, 10, 8, 4
Hearts.	10, 6, 5
Clubs.	9, 8, 7, 6, 5
S.	
Spades.	J, 6, 5, 2
Hearts.	Q, J
Diamonds.	J, 4, 3, 2
Clubs.	K, Q, 2

"The interesting thing about this hand," said Colman, "is that at one table where the forcing two—"

"What an extraordinary thing!" I exclaimed suddenly, making Colman pause. Then, before he could start again, I asked "What are the chances of this deal being repeated exactly?"

Colman thought the chances against ran into millions.

"Yet," I countered, before he could recover, "this is the exact duplicate of a deal that occurred the last time I was at Strangways. You've heard of the Bowkers, I suppose?"

Colman gulped.

"Of course you have," I went on. "You must have heard of the Bowkers and their three-dimensional bridge. They've given the game a new breadth—taken it into life."

"At Folkestone," said Colman despairingly, "this hand was duplicated in three rooms."

"Excuse me," I broke in quickly, "is that a spot of marmalade on your tie?"

By the time he had discovered that it wasn't I was well under way.

"Old Mrs. Bowker opened the bidding from South.

She felt that she had to bid, because she didn't know whether her partner would be bidding, and she wanted to keep in the game for as long as possible. She was bidding from weakness of course, and indicated this by calling one club in a dubious, watery kind of voice. Cynthia Bowker, her daughter-in-law, called a diamond from West, and Mr. Collett, who was tutoring Cynthia's two children when he wasn't partnering old Mrs. Bowker, called two clubs from North, because he felt that he was expected to support the old lady. Captain Fred Bowker, Cynthia's husband, bid two spades, and old Mrs. Bowker promptly called three no trumps."

"Whatever did she do that for?" asked Colman, who had just recovered.

"She was a little mixed up," I told him. "When she said three she intended to go clubs again, but then she recollected that no trumps would beat spades, so she said 'No trumps.' Cynthia immediately pointed out that she need only call two."

"That was a generous gesture," remarked Colman.

"On the contrary," I said, "Cynthia wanted to call again. The arrangement was that Dummy should make tea, and Cynthia knew that Mr. Collett wouldn't know where anything was kept. But by that time old Mrs. Bowker had made up her mind to stick to her three no trumps, so Cynthia had to raise to four diamonds."

"What about her husband's spades?"

"Cynthia didn't want to make the tea. Mr. Collett was now convinced that old Mrs. Bowker was holding a fistful, so he bid four no trumps, and Captain Fred, with the tea still in mind, had to go five spades."

"He couldn't conceivably make them," said Colman.

"Strangely enough, he did," I told him, "while Cynthia made the tea."

"It's impossible," said Colman.

"I warned you," I said, "that the Bowkers' bridge is three-dimensional. Of course, if old Mrs. Bowker had led off with a club the Captain would have been sunk. But he knew she wouldn't do that, because her original bid had been a club, and she was therefore under the impression that they were trumps. Instead she led the knave of spades, and the Captain took the first two tricks with his ace-king. He then led a heart, took

two tricks with the ace-king in Dummy, returned a heart from Dummy and let old Mrs. Bowker trump it with the two of clubs."

"But spades were trumps," said Colman.

"Exactly. He only let her do it to confuse. Old Mrs. Bowker then led a diamond, which the Captain took with Dummy's ace, discarding a club from his own hand. Old Mrs. Bowker thought he had trumped. To keep up this impression he therefore led a spade from his own hand, discarding the knave of clubs from Dummy, which so confused Mr. Collett that he trumped with the ace of clubs. Collett now led the king of diamonds, which the Captain trumped with the four of spades. This led to a short argument with the old lady, who contended that clubs were trumps, and when she was convinced of her error the Captain took back the two tricks his opponents held. This gave him eight tricks, and so affected old Mrs. Bowker that when the Captain led a club she promptly trumped it with her remaining spade, although she had the king and queen of clubs in her hand. The Captain said nothing."

"Old Mrs. Bowker next led the four of diamonds, which her partner took with his queen, and returned the lead to her knave. The Captain let both tricks go, although he still held one spade."

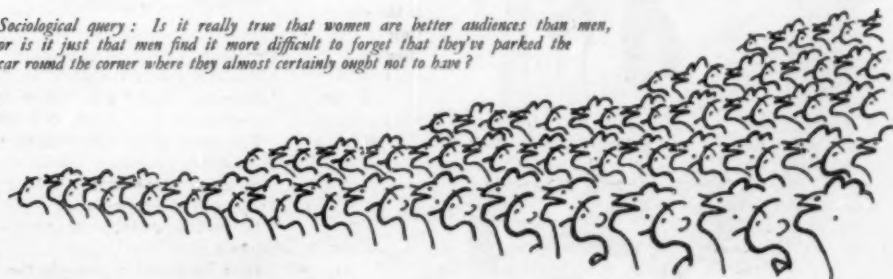
"This left old Mrs. Bowker with the king and queen of clubs, so she led the king. Captain Bowker immediately claimed the three tricks she had taken since her earlier revoke, and they were conceded after an argument, bringing his count to eleven. Meanwhile he played his last club on old Mrs. Bowker's king and took the last trick with his remaining spade to give him a little slam."

I waited for some comment from my friend Colman, but he was busy taking his hat and umbrella from the rack as the train steamed into Paddington. He hasn't travelled with me since.

#### All-in

"The 'B' Squadron Boxing Team is to be congratulated on winning the Inter Squadron Boxing petition. Sgts. Day and Baker held their ground well with the bren against strong opposition by the 1st Royal Sussex, and Tpr. Colledge did well with the rifle."—Regimental magazine

*Sociological query: Is it really true that women are better audiences than men, or is it just that men find it more difficult to forget that they've parked the car round the corner where they almost certainly ought not to have?*



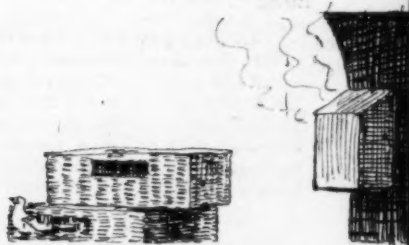
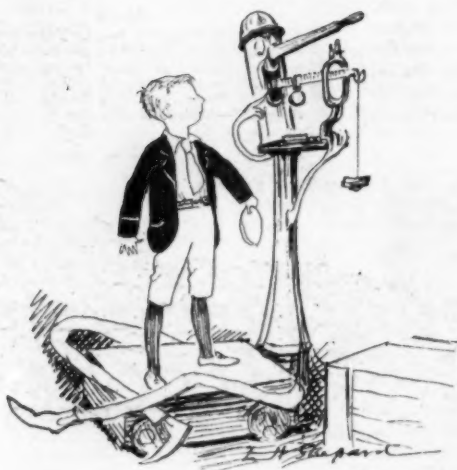
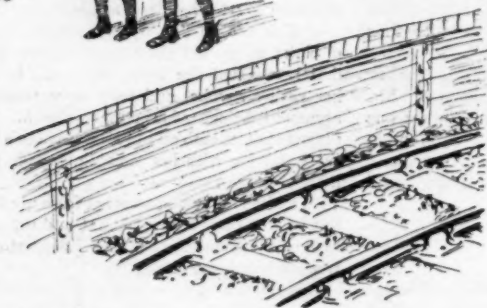
*Ingness*



## HARVISTON END

I LOOKED out of the train,  
And I suddenly saw the empty station  
As we hurtled through, with a hollow roar  
"Harviston End" . . . It was dark and dead;  
Thick dandelions choking the flower-bed,  
Torn posters that flapped on the porter's shed,  
A broken window-pane,  
The waiting-room's shuttered desolation,  
The padlock on the booking-office door.

Rrring . . . Rrring . . . Rrring . . .



I remember that platform bell,  
Which startled the quiet station once an hour  
"Harviston End" . . . White pebbles used to  
spell

The name along the borders, all in flower  
With fierce geranium, lobelia and stocks;  
Sweet alyssum, and a golden privet hedge.  
There was always a labelled bicycle, or a box  
Of seedlings at the platform's edge  
When a train was expected;  
Or a basket of pigeons in the shade,



Drawing and crooning, waiting to be collected . . .

In the luggage office (where I was sometimes weighed,  
As a great treat, on the station scales)

There was a musky smell of bran, and paraffin;  
While, outside, sunlight dazzled upon the rails  
And on the bright advertisements (enamelled tin—  
Three pen-nibs, and a splash of inky blue);

And the air soft with tar, the summer smell . . .

And the chuff of a steam-train drowsing through

The hazy hills . . . And the sound of the bell . . .

Rrring . . . Rrring . . . Rrring . . .

And now the platform bell will ring no more.

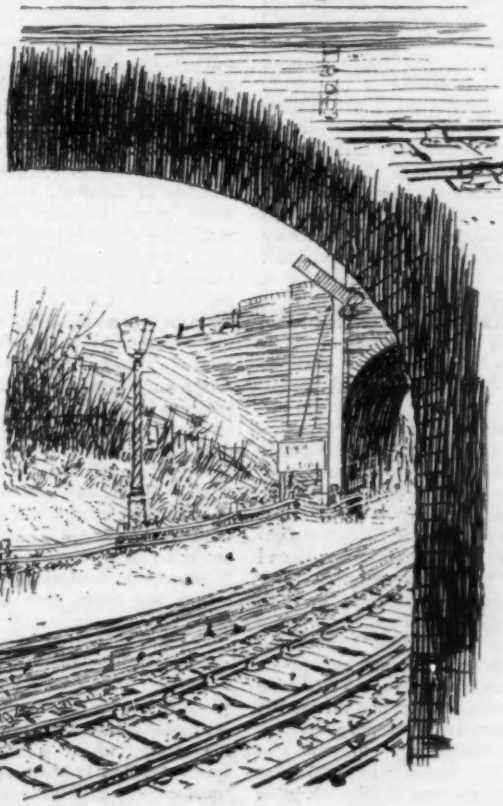
They will not come again,

Those summers of youth and exultation;  
New trains must run, and new tracks must wind,  
And a place out of sight is soon out of mind—  
And "Harviston End" has been left behind . . .

As we hurtled through, with a hollow roar,

I looked out of the train,

And I suddenly saw the empty station.







### "UNUSUALLY HAPPY PEOPLE"

THIS was how Shaw, in his preface to *Major Barbara*, described the Salvation Army, and when he wrote it General Booth and his legion had only lately emerged, under their banner of Blood-and-Fire, from a severe battle. Beaten up in the streets, denounced by authority, mocked for their fervour, they came through the ordeal on the strength of a new kind of fighting spirit; and considering the deep entrenchments of the complacency they set out to blast it was small wonder they wore uniform, took military ranks, spoke calmly of "the War," ordered themselves into "Flying Squadrons" and "Life Guards," and laid their plans to "open fire" on fresh enemy citadels with "open-air bombardments." But, as Shaw was quick to appreciate, they conducted this extraordinary campaign—to save souls and make life bearable for the poorest of the poor—with what appeared to the Victorians unseemly gaiety, with music and colour and enormous gusto.

William Booth, born in 1829, was a pawnbroker's apprentice who became a Methodist pastor, and then resigned so that he and his wife could answer a call to roving revivalism. They had no money, but brains and eloquence and a most fiery determination to rout vice from the slums. In 1865 they founded the East London Christian Mission, and their meetings, held in

the shabbiest premises, stirred such response that soon similar missions were started in other parts of England. In 1878 a War Congress was held and the Salvation Army born, with the General in supreme command. By the '80s the Army was making its way abroad, the new units developing under their own steam but directed from London. In 1890 Booth, who by then knew as much as anyone about the side of life most people found it convenient to ignore, published *In Darkest England and the Way Out*, a shattering exposure of urban evils which contained in its recommendations the seeds of many later reforms.

Taking the lid off the slums and urging the public to have a look was in those days an act of heroism. Every kind of racketeer was out for Booth's blood, but he continued to attack stoutly, using the two edges of his sword that were evangelism and practical social service. Helped by W. T. Stead, who went bravely to prison for his share in the campaign, he forced Parliament, which had three times declined its duty, to raise the age of consent. The scandals of London's vice traffic which were brought to light rocked the whole country. With his son, Bramwell Booth (who later succeeded him), the General organized a chain of homes, hostels and canteens where those rescued by the Army could find shelter and comfort. Threepence bought supper, a bed and breakfast. Discharged prisoners found a Red Maria waiting for them at the gates of the gaol. Any human being, whatever his record or condition, was welcomed. Doctors and nurses joined the Army in numbers, some for the home front and some for leper colonies and other grim assignments abroad. Wherever the underdog could be helped the Army went out and found him.

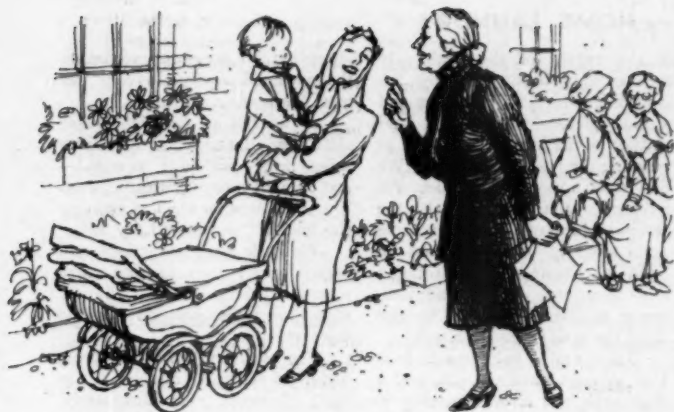
At the same time Mrs. Booth and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bramwell Booth, were setting up similar services for women. From the start sex equality was a basic principle in the Army, whose women were among the first to prove that men could serve under them contentedly. In addition to their ordinary welfare

work they also began a drive to bring in women from the streets. It was easy to make fun of Halle-lujah Lassies patrolling the West End at midnight, but when one thinks about it their courage must have been phenomenal.

The Salvation Army is sometimes accused of being too strict because its Articles of War, signed by every one of its soldiers, forbid alcohol and tobacco. To most of us tobacco may seem a rather mild subject for such a sweeping veto, but at any rate one can readily understand the Army's attitude to drink, for its early experiences in slum gin-dives could hardly be forgotten. These are questions of principle, and there is no doubt that in facing thornier problems it has consistently shown a breadth of mind often in marked contrast to the







attitude of other bodies. No more telling proof of this could be found than Mrs. Bramwell Booth's magnificent work for unmarried mothers, for whom the Victorians, piously washing their hands of them, had coined the idiotic title of "lost girls." In keeping the theatre out of bounds to its soldiers the Army remains loyal to another of its founder's principles, but having accepted radio it is now in a position which appears logically untenable, though careful guidance is given on listening and viewing.

To-day it is a huge organization, still under the command of its General, still self-supporting except for Government grants towards medical and youth work. It is recognized as a separate religious movement, which has no sacrament and pins its faith on pure evangelism. In spite of the great scale of its social services these have been kept flexible enough to help to plug many of the gaps in the Welfare State. That it still has imagination is shown in its busy Anti-Suicide Bureau, which follows up police-court cases; in the Reconciliation Bureau, specializing in repairs to rocky marriages; and in the Investigation Department for tracing the missing. It has its own insurance companies and its own Press. The list of present activities is formidable, and includes cheap hostels for down-and-outs, homes for working men and women, and Eventide Homes where the old can end their

lives in peace. Hospitals, ante-natal clinics, homes for unmarried mothers, approved schools and hostels for young offenders, these are only a few of the Army's innumerable interests. Among the most promising developments since the war is the Mayflower Scheme at Plymouth, where mothers sentenced for neglect of their children serve their time in an Army home instead of in prison, bringing their families with them and being taught how to look after them.

The public, once glad to pelt the Army with bricks, is now firmly on its side. The "war" is still on, but the battle is no longer against

antagonism but against apathy. There are fewer hooligans and deadbeats than eighty years ago, but wars and their attendant curses have brought a train of new and far more complicated problems. To deal with them the modern soldier of the Army needs all the intensive training packed into his ten months at the William Booth Memorial College.

At Hoptown, the Women's Hostel in Whitechapel, Mr. Punch's Artist and I saw a very active unit in the field. The Major (a woman) who runs it has been there a long time, and still believes warmly in human nature. Two hundred and thirty beds (ten-and-six a week for the cheapest) cater in theory for women in transit, but many are using the hostel because of housing or family difficulties, and remain until they can be helped. There is no bar of creed or colour. The canteen is open day and night, and a cheerful communal life robs the place of the dead feeling of an institution.

The spirit of this hostel is wonderfully humane and tolerant. No doubt it owes much to its beloved Major, but it is typical of the Salvation Army's approach to people in trouble. As a matter of personal experience I have often been impressed by the way in which workers in other social services, not always the most anxious to praise rival movements, invariably brighten at its name.

ERIC KEOWN



## HOME LAUNDRY

THE first thing my wife and I did when soap came off the ration was to go out and buy a huge stock of soap powder. I really don't know why; we had never taken up our full ration.

It was probably the possession of these vast stocks that led, a good deal later, to our second action, which was to buy a home laundry. It seemed a pity not to use the soap powder now we had it, and anyway we had been resenting the weekly laundry bill bitterly for years.

"The washing machine is only two pounds a month for a year, not counting the deposit," said my wife, "and the laundry bill comes to more than that."

This was perfectly true. I had gone into the matter of those bills with my wife frequently. Regularly once a week, in fact.

Naturally, we could hardly wait to start saving money, and the moment the washing machine was installed we went around the house collecting soiled linen to wash. The machine was very simple. You filled it with hot water up to the Plimsoll mark, added soap powder, put in the clothes, and switched on. A kind of little waterwheel at one side churned the water and revolved the clothes. The only difficulty was

in the weight of the wash. It seemed important, going by the instructions-card, to have three and a half pounds of laundry, and neither of us was much good at guessing the weight of clothes. We had to fetch the kitchen scales. We adjusted our maiden wash with the scrupulousness of a chemist making up a prescription, taking out an eight-ounce shirt and substituting a five-ounce one, and adding half-ounce handkerchieves one by one until the scales were balanced.

Three and a half pounds took four minutes, and my wife and I were both in a fever of anxiety in case we gave the wash too long and it was overdone. We didn't take our eyes off our watches until the four minutes were up, and then we bumped our heads jumping to switch off.

After we had put the stuff through the mangle attached (taking turns with the handle) we found our old laundry book and worked out how much we had saved. It came to 8s.9d., with the authorized increase. It was the first time we had ever liked that authorized increase.

"There you are!" said my wife. "That's very nearly the first week's cost of the machine paid for already."

"Let's pay for the first week

altogether," I suggested, regarding the machine hungrily. It really was most fascinating.

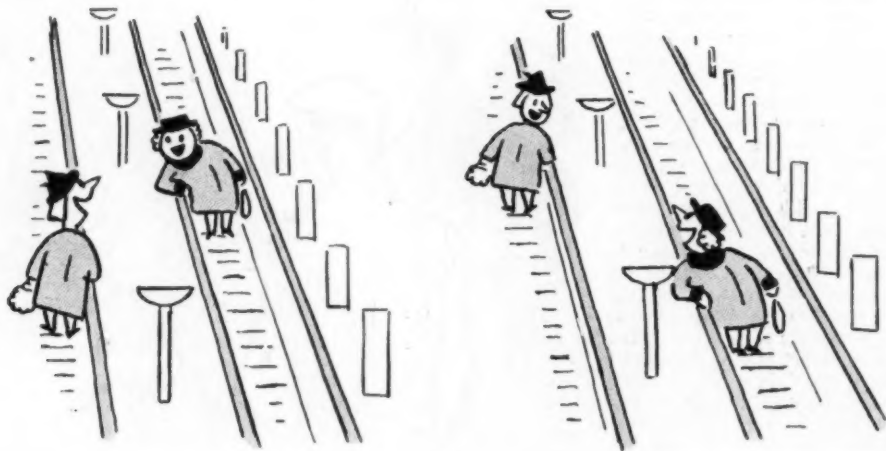
So we put in the eight-ounce shirt after all, and found some more soiled linen—not quite so soiled—and brought our savings up to 15s.4d.

"Only another 4s.8d. to make up the pound!" murmured my wife.

We made it up to a guinea, and only stopped then because there wasn't anything left to wash. By that time I was stripped down to my vest.

The next day looked like being awfully dull without any washing to do. However, very fortunately, some of the washing we'd done the day before fell off the clothes airer on to the kitchen floor. It didn't get dirty, but we agreed we'd better wash it again, just to be on the safe side. This brought our total up to £1 5s. 8d., which was highly gratifying.

By the end of the first week we had run out of soap powder, and had saved £4 1s. 10½d. In other words, as I pointed out, we could be buying four home laundries instead of just one; and still be saving money. If there was a drawback, it was that I was having to spend a good deal of time in my dressing-gown, because I never seemed to have a dry shirt.



At the end of the second week (£7 2s. 4d.) the laundry sent a representative round to inquire plaintively what they had done to offend us? My wife triumphantly told him we had our own laundry now, and untruthfully added that we had already paid for it with what we had saved. She insisted on taking him out to the scullery to give him a demonstration. He went home with his pullover wrapped up in a damp paper parcel, and my wife and I had rather an argument about whether that was another shilling we had saved or not.

Our aim now, of course, is to cover the entire cost of the machine as quickly as possible, so that we can settle down to making an actual profit. . .

"Another task has been added to the duties of tall, red-faced Eddie Roberts, Canterbury's Town Sergeant, whose office goes back 800 years. Every Sunday he takes down a huge ancient key, unlocks the massive door of the 13th century cellar below the Guildhall, and carries out a crate of bottled beer. This he takes to a bombed site, where volunteers are beginning the long job of clearing away the rubble for a Festival of Britain exhibition. Eddie blows a blast on a police whistle and hands out the free beer with the compliments of the Mayor, Cllr. Stanley Jennings

Kent's population increased by 41,190 in a year.—"Evening News"

Quite a coincidence.

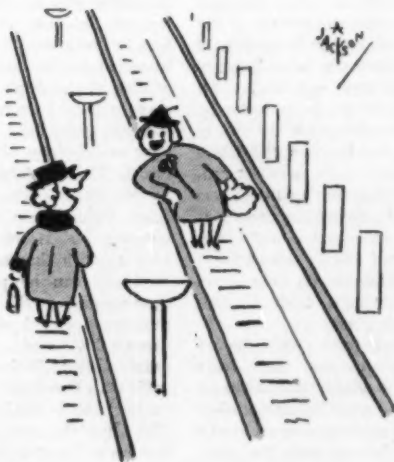
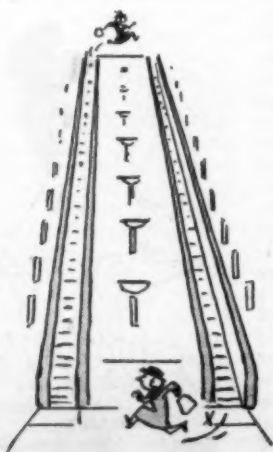
## IDEAL HOME

BY the look in our eyes you shall know us,  
The young, who in anguish of soul  
Ever seek for a place to bestow us  
And ever come short of our goal;  
The young, who are wild to be wedded  
And daily with lips that are set  
Must ransack the Press for advertisements headed  
"Apartments To Let."

Our joy would be more than ecstatic,  
Our rapture too thrilling to tell,  
Could we find an unoccupied attic,  
Though bare as an anchorite's cell:  
O Barnes, Hampstead, Surbiton, rich in  
All types of desirable road,  
Have you nothing but box-rooms (with use of the  
kitchen)  
For lovers' abode?

We moderns can "take it" if need be,  
Though seemingly destined to roam,  
Excuse us for thinking that we'd be  
"Far, far better off in a home":  
You lords of "The Nook" and "The Shieling,"  
Who boast of a settled address,  
Forgive the unhoused and adrift for a feeling  
Of covetousness.

Yet night after night in a vision  
We seem to set foot on the step  
Of a home in the Meadows Elysian  
(Sun-loggia; 5 bed., 2 recep.);  
A new house, a light house, a clean house,  
Semi-det., close to golf-links and sea;  
Co.'s water, e.l., central heat., garage, greenhouse  
Vac. poss., and rent-free.





[Beauty and the Beast]

**Bad Beast**

*The Beast*—MR. ALAN BADEL; *Beauty*—MISS JILL RAYMOND  
*The Wizard*—MR. JOHN BYRON; *Mikey*—ALARIC COTTER

**AT THE PLAY**

*The Black Arrow* (OLD VIC)—*Beauty and the Beast* (WESTMINSTER)  
*Mother Goose* (PRINCES)—*Ali Baba* (PLAYERS' THEATRE)



HE *BLACK ARROW* takes the stage so uncommonly well—better, I think, than *Treasure Island*—that it is hard to understand why we have had to wait for it so long. To me the Young Vic Company's production of this extremely competent crime story is the best of the children's outings this Christmas. Chicago at its fruitiest had nothing on the wicked barons of the fifteenth century, nor can the writers of the B.B.C.'s smash-and-grab serials hold a candle to Stevenson when it comes to juggling with suspense. An arrow hurts as much, and can be just as conclusive, as a '45 bullet; and during the Wars of the Roses arrows arrived on the smallest provocation. Stevenson's subject was murder, and, though he dresses it up with light romance and gives it a flavour of history, he sticks to it as steadfastly as do other good writers who have dealt in this ancient basic theme.

Compared with the book's plethora of corpses Mr. JOHN BLATCHLEY's adaptation is almost bloodless, the score board standing finally at no more than seven for the mortuary. In capturing the gusto

and pace of the original and in condensing its most dramatic elements Mr. BLATCHLEY has given us a play that should certainly become a Christmas regular. In one sense he has even improved on Stevenson, for whereas he and the producer, Mr. MICHEL SAINT-DENIS, have, with a single exception, avoided burlesque, one cannot now read *The Black Arrow*, grand as it is, without an occasional private grin at the shameless way in which Stevenson laid on the jam: that memorable line, for instance, "the moans of the wounded baron blended with the wailing of the ship's dog." On the stage a good cast takes the piece straight, going full out for it, and a very satisfactory afternoon is the result. The only false note is struck by Mr. JOHN GARLEY's old sweat from Bairnsfather, who is often amusing but is sometimes out of keeping with the rest.

Holes can be picked by any Stevensonian. *Sir Daniel* didn't produce a sword after *Dick* had thrown his away. *Joanna* could swim. After *Alicia* has made her gaffe with *Crookback* she should be covered with confusion, a point Miss JILL SHOWELL misses. And the scene in the chapel room is

absurd, because the murderer is back by the trap almost as soon as he is through the door (not that I think he stood a chance anyway, with *Dick* above him); but on the whole Mr. BLATCHLEY's departures are justified, and it would be ungrateful to nigger in the face of so much honest excitement.

The full-bloodedness of Mr. SAINT-DENIS's production does not obscure the emotion of such moments as old *Arblaster's* broken exit. And the effects are splendid: the arrow planted in *Lord Shoreby* is the nimblest of stage tricks. I liked Mr. JOSEPH CARL's sets—apart from the resemblance of his forest to the no-man's-land of most war plays. The cast, many of whom deserve detailed mention, are most capably led by Mr. DENIS QUILLEY (*Dick*), Miss TARN BASSETT (*Joanna*), Mr. MERVYN BLAKE (*Sir Daniel*), Mr. KEITH MICHELL (*Ellis*), and Mr. POWYS THOMAS (*Crookback*). The first two of these get particularly close to Stevenson.

Last Christmas I praised the wit and charm of Mr. NICHOLAS STUART GRAY's *Beauty and the Beast*, and I am delighted to see it now in the West End. It is imaginative without being sentimental, and adults can enjoy its dry humour and delicate pathos even without benefit of attendant young; but that the young like it too is beyond doubt. The wizard, who shuts up an



[Mother Goose]

**Good Egg**

*Mother Goose*—MISS ETHEL REYNELL



"But, William, why give it a title with only seasonal appeal?"

arrogant prince in a magic castle for a twenty years' stretch and only recalls his plight after five hundred, is to be met, modestly triumphant after a mathematical lecture which nobody has understood, in any university; his dragon-nephew is a winning little beast; the prince, turned understandably red in tooth and claw (though not, we believe, in politics) by so much solitary confinement, earns all our sympathy; and the decent Victorian merchant and his three pantalooned daughters mix "Cranford" exotically with sorcery. This year Mr. JOHN BYRON is the Wizard, casting spells with exquisite incompetence. Mr. ALAN BADEL makes a forceful Prince, Miss JILL RAYMOND a pleasing Beauty, and young ALARIC COTTER a dragon with a growl that would push Brumas off the map. As for the Wizard's automatic lie detector, it should immediately be made compulsory on all political platforms.

With no wish to be unseasonably severe, I must record that *Mother Goose* is the weakest pantomime I have come across this season. It deserves credit for keeping nearer to the story than is the modern fashion—in which turns from the music-hall seize most of the floor—and it has a whale of a haunted room, but it is deficient in really comic talent and has an air of having been put together in a hurry. For the second time this Christmas pipers descended on me, in full blast from the highlands of Shaftesbury Avenue. Is this new wedge in the all-English bastion of pantomime yet another symptom of Scots renaissance? I must admit these are very good pipers, with reserves of wind-power beyond the comprehension of a Sassenach, and I should not care to leave this entertainment without saluting the most eloquent goose that ever carried human stuffing.

So much for children. Grown-ups, at least those who are allowed to sit up rather late, should be reminded that the Christmas programme at the Players' Theatre is too good to be forgotten. It begins with the mockery of our grandparents which this barbed company has made its own, and goes on to the galvanizing puns of H. J. BYRON's eminently Victorian *Ali Baba*. As preposterous a piece of nonsense as you could wish for winds up with a Harlequinade, and is therefore unique in a decadent London.

#### Recommended

Don't miss Anouilh's *Point of Departure* (Duke of York's), a fine play in most able hands. Until January 13 *Bartholomew Fair* (Old Vic) gives Ben Jonson's riotous impression of English low life. For bubble laughter try *To Dorothy, a Son* (Savoy), which yokes Einstein with a bassinet. ERIC KEOWNS



## IT HAPPENED AT NIGHT

THE crowd stumbled and teetered towards the barrier, every eye fixed hungrily on the wet, lamp-lit *lebensraum* of Station Road. Carriage doors were slammed, the Portsmouth train resumed its journey and the crowd swelled to the normal rush-hour mob. The ticket collector's gate was a vast neo-technic machine, sucking in the shapeless raw material of humanity and extruding a steady stream of orderly civilians.

Bronson shook himself, counted his coat buttons, struck out through the drizzle in the direction of the car park and let his mind flood with rosy thoughts of supper, slippers and television.

Hackforth slipped his season ticket into his wallet, pulled on his gloves, set off across the street towards the car park and tried by mental arithmetic to work out

his commission on the Swansea contract.

The two men were roughly the same age and build: they had emerged from the station at the same moment and they had the same immediate destination. There was no reason why their paths should either cross or diverge. They walked shoulder to shoulder on their common bee-line for the car park.

After twenty yards or so both men suddenly became aware of the other's peripatetic proximity—though not of course in so many syllables. They stole sidelong glances and discovered that they were strangers.

Bronson immediately shortened his stride to allow the other man to draw ahead; and at the same instant and from the same motive Hackforth shortened *his* stride. A hundred yards from the car park

they were still side by side and in step.

"Hullo, what's this!" thought Bronson. "What's the little game, eh? Trying it on, I shouldn't wonder. In a few ticks this chap's going to open up with a hard-luck story. Down on his uppers and all that. Doesn't look it, but you can never tell. Well, he can whistle! He can whistle!"

"Hullo," thought Hackforth, "what's the big idea? What's the fellow up to? Something fishy here. Now why . . . why . . . ? I wonder if . . . yes, that could be it—got the police on his trail and doesn't want to be spotted alone. Look out for unaccompanied man, carrying briefcase, belted raincoat, probably alighting Woking. Oho!" Hackforth found this thesis ingenious and convincing. And exciting. He was suddenly desperately anxious



that it should not be disproved before he reached the car park. Automatically his body became tense, ready to adjust its pace to that of the man in the belted raincoat.

The two men walked on, their shoulders almost touching. Now they were only ten yards from the car park.

"That's funny," thought Bronson, "I was wrong—he's not trying it on after all. Then what is his little game? We'll soon see. I'll walk right past the car park, and if he hangs on I'll *know* there's something queer."

"Hullo," thought Hackforth, "he's decided that I'm not turning into the car park. O.K., my lad, we'll give you a run for your money."

They marched on to the corner, turned left with barrack-square precision into Wood Street and began to circle the block of shops. They were still shoulder to shoulder.

Four minutes later, their futile circuit completed, they entered the car park, walked to their cars and drove away.

Bronson was the first out. He drove slowly all the way home, willing the Ford to follow him. It didn't.

He turned into the drive of his house, cut off the engine and looked back over his shoulder at the road.

"Gave him the alip," he said aloud. "Gave him the slip." And he hurried into the house with the story of his adventure vibrating on the tip of his tongue.

Hackforth drove slowly, too, until he reached the "Green Man." He ordered a double gin and stood at the bar sipping it. Then, on an impulse, he threw his head back, swallowed his drink at a gulp and ordered another in a thick, pseudo-American accent.

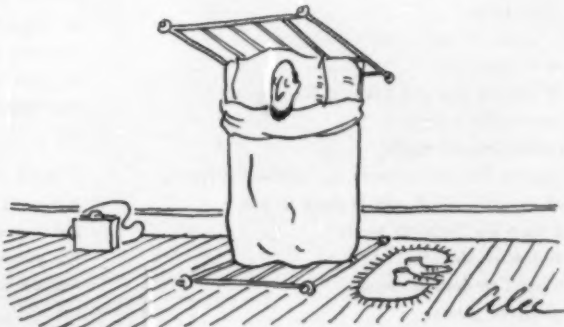
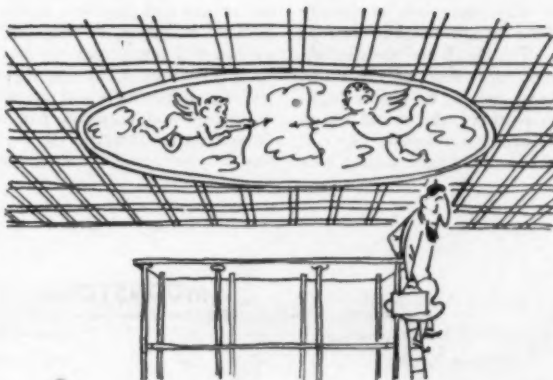
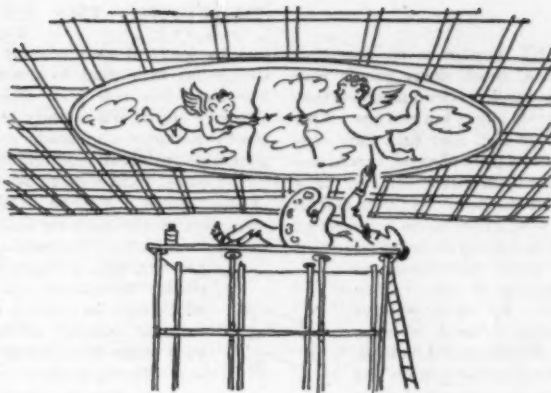
BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

2 2

#### Nothing Bass

"Mr. John Haigh, of South View, Horbury Bridge, completed 66 years' service with St. John's Church choir, Horbury Bridge, this week-end. Mr. Haigh, who is 76, joined the choir night. It is understood that there is no suggestion of foul play."

Bradford paper



## DECEIVING THE EYE

THEY appear every now and then, those clever people who can persuade us (for a moment) that a painted object is a real one. With uncanny skill they turn their canvases into a piece of wood, carved and battered—the authentic lid of a schoolboy's desk. By a trick of light and shade they make a document seem to curl up at the edge, so that you move instinctively to straighten it out. They paint a fly which you are tempted to swat, so alive does it look, as if it had just alighted on the picture and would, at any second, buzz and zoom off in search of a vulnerable bald spot.

The French used to be fond of these feats of illusion, which is no doubt why they are commonly called not "eye deceit" but "trompe l'œil." The Dutch and the English, however, were fond of them too. We have our H. B. Harris (eighteenth century) who would tie up what looked uncommonly like real pamphlets, quills and sealing wax

(not to speak of an engraving of George II) with what looked uncommonly like real pink ribbon. We have our J. Wilks (early nineteenth century) who made some admirable (painted) counterfeits of pound notes. Such were to be seen at the recent "Trompe L'Œil" exhibition at the Hanover Gallery in London. There are present-day painters, also, who attempt similar deceptions, all of which may be given credit for great ingenuity; though their value as works of art is a different matter.

They have their warning for those who assume that the purpose of a work of art is to deceive the eye. The warning is based on the unassailable proposition that art is not nature and therefore, however minute, elaborate or faithful to nature, will not profess to be the thing it represents. The painted fly which you take for a real one is, to all intents and purposes, just one more irritating insect in the world: but if the painter makes some

"comment" of his own, drawing attention, perhaps, to the design of a wing, the curious mechanical structure, you become aware of his personality and the illusion is at an end. As the personality of an artist and the personal way he uses his medium are essential to the work of art it is understandable why the works of the masters provide few, if any, instances of "trompe l'œil." The legends of Zeuxis' grapes (which were so like real grapes that the birds pecked at them): of Apelles' painting of Alexander's horse (at which another horse neighed in recognition) can be taken with a grain of Attic salt. It may be remarked that no originals by these artists have survived: that no extant still-life of the ancient world would be likely to deceive a bird—and that the Greeks were not without their sense of fun. Deceiving the eye in pictures, as in the performance of the stage magician, has entertainment value but is not to be taken too seriously.

WILLIAM GAUNT



## MOONSTONE

WHEN I had talked with you  
in those far days  
when separation meant not separate ways  
I would go wandering through  
the streets of night  
in that most magic mood and hour  
when light  
is woven so subtly with darkness  
on the loom  
of twilight that the floating, shadowy stuff,  
now darkly smooth  
now delicately rough  
hung in the air, takes on the moth-wing bloom  
of new-cut velvet, yet is sheer as silk—  
a scarf for Night to wear;  
and when she lifts  
a hand to draw it closer,  
suddenly gleams

upon her finger  
one moonstone white as milk.

But now the firelight seems  
in this small room  
with so much less of subtlety to loom  
the fire-red velvet shadows;  
I cannot guess,  
or guess too well, upon what journey strays  
your mind.

You lift a hand to draw your scarf  
closer. You wear a single moonstone, yes:  
but I seek no communion with your eyes  
nor yours with mine beyond, perhaps, surmise:  
we are not separate, but go separate ways.

R. C. SCRIVEN



"So I says to her . . ."

## PARTY POLICY

FOR those of us in the 1945-46 class who are hoping to come out ourselves this season the report, issued by the Party-goers Union (Nursery Section), on party policy generally makes pretty dismal reading.

Based on a tricycle-to-tricycle canvass of experienced opinion at the boating pond, the report has some outspoken criticisms to make on the various encroachments of the managements, i.e., parents, on the rights and privileges of union members.

It is observed that the number of children invited, whose parents can stay on/come in for bridge, shows a staggering increase over that of last year; and the adverse gap between efficient man-power—those of us who can be relied upon to insist on the more sensible games—

and the unproductive element—weepers, gigglers and Hunt the Thimbles—shows no signs of closing.

While it is admitted that production costs and entertainment taxation fall most heavily on the managements, it is pointed out that the infiltration tactics and downright direction of playing so much in evidence this season can only lead to misunderstandings and possibly even "toys-down" among the more excitable children.

In this connection the report gives an estimated breakdown of attendance figures at parties this year. And the ratio of 5:3:1 (highly emotional and immature females, nannies and bona fide guests in that order) gives a fair indication of the bias there must be towards such games as Musical Bumps, Spin the

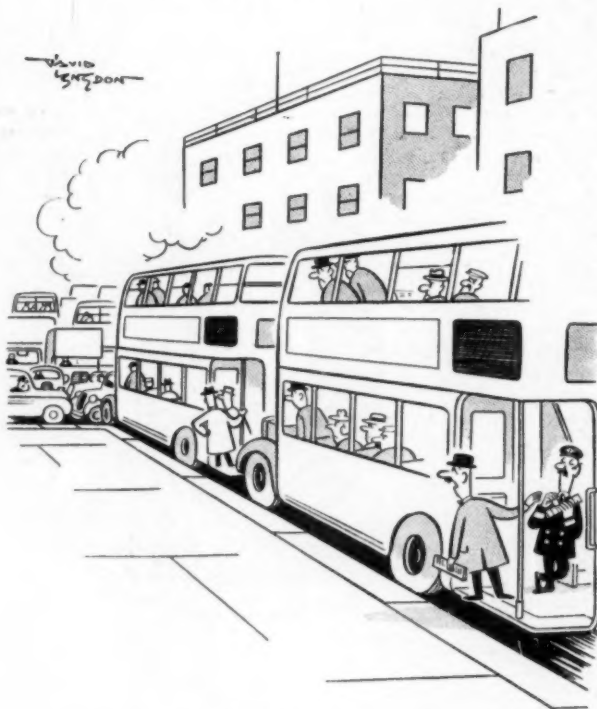
Trencher and the demoralizing "Now-everybody-sit-down-in-a-ring."

The efforts made by progressive party-goers in previous seasons to brighten up the more latently interesting games have had no appreciable effects this year; and the report mentions specifically the influence of blatant nannie-ism in the case of a thoughtful guest who, anxious to increase the turn-round at Musical Chairs, withdrew a chair rather too sharply, so that a female in the sock-wearing group suddenly lost her place. When the game re-started it was noticed that the female in question was being carried by a nannie—an obvious bid for the sympathy of the nagging of nannies present which created a very unfavourable impression on the intelligent minority.

The rules on behaviour—laid down by the managements without even courtesy consultation with the party members—are as one-sided as ever. Attendance is still more or less compulsory at poetry recitals, toe-dancing exhibitions and other party piece-work; little girls have still to be allowed to sit down to table first; and applause is still demanded for the host's father's conjuring tricks. Possibly worst of all—although this has been the subject of strong representations from union members on the spot—some of the more sensible and experienced guests have been made to leave their cap guns and holsters in the cloak room.

On purely routine non-controversial points the report has little new to say. The average calorie intake remains high; the proportion of guests leaving before the ice-cream is insignificant and can be discounted; but the incidence of *mal-de-table* among those unemployables occupying high chairs continues to be a definitely disturbing factor.

Those of us, therefore, who are not actually prambound and whose turn has yet to come cannot help feeling a certain anxiety when we are bluntly told in the report's final paragraph that there are no signs of any possible improvement in party policy in the foreseeable future.



"Money for jam."



## BOOKING OFFICE

## Nature's Tutor



**CAPABILITY BROWN**, by Miss Dorothy Stroud, is a book guaranteed to warm the heart of anyone to whom the eighteenth century means anything. It is charmingly written, well documented, and superbly illustrated to indicate the large variety and extent of its subject's work; and Mr. Christopher Hussey contributes an excellent essay on Brown's unique place in the history of "improvers."

This doughty autocrat, who began as a garden boy and ended with the noblemen of England competing for his services, who became an established architect in the great houses there was taste, leisure and money. William Kent, whom Brown had fortunately served, had successfully broken with the tradition of the formal French garden, which concentrated interest on the confines of the house. At last the whole estate was being considered as a picture, and no obstacle to its perfect composition was too formidable to be removed. Those were the days when a gentleman came down to breakfast and, deciding that the cottages below him spoiled his view, commanded that the entire village should be put elsewhere—as Brown actually arranged for Lord Dorchester at Milton, substituting a good piece of Georgian planning for a straggling hamlet.

At the death of Lord Cobham, his employer at Stowe, Brown abandoned gardening and launched out for himself as a landscape consultant, inspired by Kent's principles. His aim, as Mr. Hussey points out, was to achieve the gentle serenity that Richard Wilson was then capturing in paint. A good deal of high-flown nonsense was talked at the time about raising Nature to the level of Mind, but there was nothing high-flown about Brown, who was an extremely practical man with imagination and an eye. What he did was fairly simple, though horribly expensive. His basic idea was a belt of woodland encircling the park, softened by interior clumps of trees and using gaps to emphasize the best views. For the middle distance he relied on water; streams were dammed into serpentine lakes and artificial rivers, with dummy bridges masking their ends, and temples, menageries and other follies dotting their banks. Haphazard hedges would be grubbed out, and drains installed instead of ditches, and nearer the house there would sometimes be a ha-ha. Often accused by his detractors of the ruthless cutting of trees, Brown, as Miss Stroud witnesses, went in for afforestation on a huge scale; and Mr. Hussey asks pertinently who, in an England rapidly losing its land owners, will ever do the same for as again? Not the Forestry Commission, restricted to commercial timber.

Brown had no training as an architect, but being remarkably quick to learn he soon included in his practice the building of vast Palladian mansions of considerable merit. In the long list of famous houses and parks he designed or altered, into which Miss

Stroud goes in some detail, one is frequently struck by the high rate of mortality among Georgian country seats—fire, bankruptcy and whim bringing them to ruin right and left. But always more sprang up; and Brown, riding round them for an hour or so, would point to a valley or a hill and confidently declare it full of "capabilities."

The lovers of geometric formality did their best to pull him down, and chief among them was Sir William Chambers, whose plans for Clive's new house at Claremont had been rejected in favour of Brown's, which provided the avenger of the Black Hole with a cold bath. Chambers' attack was too venomous to be taken seriously, but Brown's champions have suffered from the disadvantage that much of his best work, directly it matured, disappeared into what seemed immemorial landscape. Miss Stroud's book gives convincing proofs that he created far more than he destroyed.

When he was forty-eight he was appointed "Surveyor to His Majesty's Gardens and Waters at Hampton Court," at two thousand a year; and though he struggled constantly with asthma he made a fortune as well. Honest, independent, indomitably conscientious, he was accepted everywhere as a character. His portrait shows a long, humorous face, not to be trifled with.

ERIC KEOWN

## Tangled Webs

Seldom does a novelist succeed in analysing his characters with skill and justice and at the same time keep them alive; Mr. Ernest Frost does both so impressively that the reader feels he is witnessing an autopsy on a group of human beings who are fully conscious. *The Lighted Cities* is a study, in desire and motive, of an old musician who retires because of arthritis, a young writer and a young composer, and



an ambitious art historian who craves for power over others. If this careful probing of their lives has any common denominator—and Mr. Frost is insistent on this—it is love. Like Jean Anouilh, Mr. Frost sees in emotion the great corroder of human life: Mr. Rainham, the old musician, dies frustrated, of a heart attack, before the object of his affections; Bernard Austel, the young writer, fails miserably to win the love of Kathleen (whose husband is impotent); and the young composer, too, fails emotionally as well as artistically. The result is a bitter and disturbing book; one could have wished that Mr. Frost had allowed his characters a single illusion.

R. K.

### "I Have House and Land in Kent"

Mr. Edward Hyams is one of the rare few whose lives do them more credit than their opinions. From *The Waste Land* describes the feats and meditations of a small capitalist who has, in theory, no use for capitalism. He and his wife returned to their holding—three acres and a cottage—after six years' military service, to find that evacuees and neglect had done their worst. The couple, however, had set their faces against cities. They had seen America—and they had seen Andalusia, Provence and Ireland, "the happiest countries." So the cottage that had been a toy became a home and a productive one—with a low standard of living, perhaps, but a high one of contentment. The most fascinating of Mr. Hyams' experiments, his vineyard, has had a book to itself; but life at "Brickfields" is full of enterprise and episode; and the neighbours, each with his own manner of coping with rural commitments, are well worth meeting.

H. P. E.



"You're always been a good team-man, Dublin, so we know you won't mind being transferred to Manchester to help the old club out of debt."

### Children in Trouble

The tough critics who attribute all delinquency to the weakness of the Juvenile Courts should read Mr. Basil Henriques' *The Indiscretions of a Magistrate* and see how the young offender really is dealt with. The catchpenny title does not do justice to the author's expert knowledge, gathered in thirty years' experience as a club leader and Chairman of the East London Juvenile Court. His book may be journalism rather than academic sociology, but despite the light-hearted tone it is solid in substance and gives a clear and heartening idea of the process by which the child who is drifting into crime is braced to play a more useful part in national life. Mr. Henriques makes many criticisms of the present system and of the slowness in carrying out the improvements possible under the new Act; but even with the weaknesses still existing an enormous amount of successful work is done, a good deal of it inspired by Mr. Henriques himself.

R. G. G. P.

### Disappointment in O'Hara

In spite of its many fine qualities John O'Hara's long picaresque novel of amatory promiscuity, graft and social schism in the "provincial" town of Fort Penn, Pennsylvania, is rather a disappointment. *A Rage to Live* chronicles the unhappy life story of a "socialite" family, the Tates, in a little world of snobishness and oligarchic corruption. The narration, in photographic detail, is brilliant and so compelling that it almost disguises Grace Caldwell Tate's close affinity with the typical *femme fatale* of the current historical romance ("Forever Amber" department). There is so little relief from sordid and amoral intrigue that the reader soon becomes as hardened as the author and his heroine, and longs to remove his eye from the keyhole and stretch his legs in more salubrious surroundings. But all this does not of course mean that O'Hara has not written a best-seller.

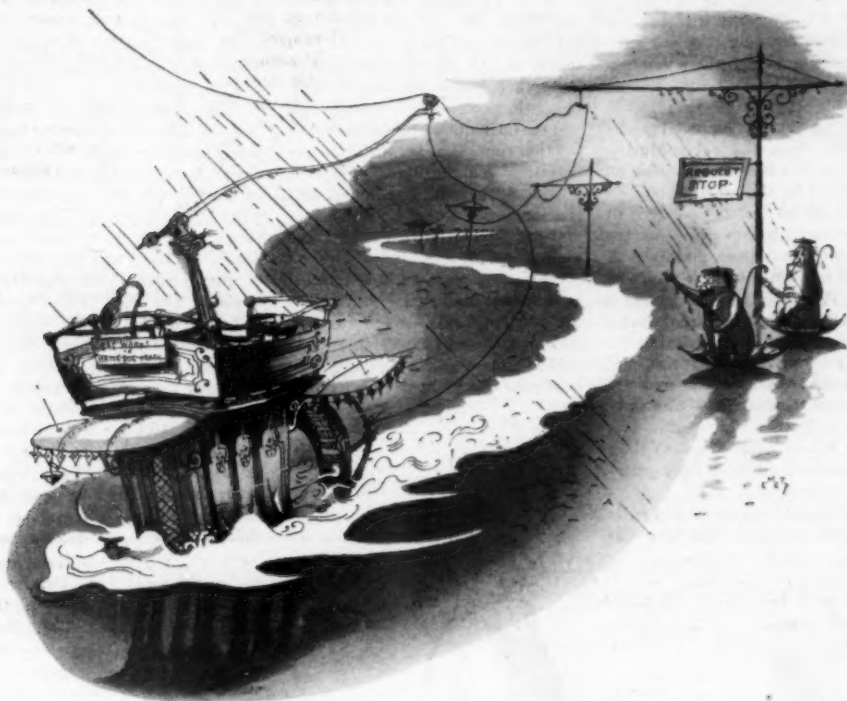
A. B. H.

### Books Reviewed Above

- Capability Brown*. Dorothy Stroud. (Country Life, 2 gns.)  
*The Lighted Cities*. Ernest Frost. (John Lehmann, 10/6)  
*From the Waste Land*. Edward Hyams. (Turnstile Press, 12/6)  
*The Indiscretions of a Magistrate*. Basil L. Q. Henriques. (Harrap, 8/6)  
*A Rage to Live*. John O'Hara. (Cresset Press, 15/-)

### Other Recommended Books

- To Love and Be Wise*. Josephine Tey. (Peter Davies, 9/6)  
 Whodunit which is more interesting as a novel than as a puzzle, though the central idea is agreeably baffling. Unlike many mystery contrivers, the writer has a personal vision which she ranks above plot.  
*Oddly Enough*. Paul Jennings. (Reinhardt and Evans, 8/6)  
 Collection of pleasantly written and amusing reprinted pieces, by a humorist with a fresh vision and an excellent nose for material.  
*The Pen-Friend*. Alan Wykes. (Duckworth, 9/6)  
 Well-written, intensely readable story of suspense leading up to the death of a blackmailer. Very much in the Graham Greene manner.  
*Ten Ton Travel*. E. F. Nott-Bower. (Murray, 12/6)  
 An amusing and capably written account of an adventurous trip to the Mediterranean in a fifty-three-year-old cutter. Landsmen, as well as sailors, will find this author good company.



## LETTERS TO A YOUNG CITIZEN

II

**D**EAR EGBERT,—In my last letter I explained that before casting your vote you must decide whether you want Mr. Churchill, Mr. Attlee, or Mr. Clement Davies as Prime Minister, and in making your choice you will no doubt be influenced not only by personalities but by principles, policies, and programmes. As regards principles, there is a delightful unanimity on the part of all three parties. Each party has two principal objects: (a) to get into power, (b) to run the country properly.

In the matter of policy there is less unanimity, particularly if policy is viewed through the eyes of the opposite party.

If you become a Socialist it will be clear to you that Conservative

policy is nothing more nor less than an attempt to turn back the clock. They want to return to the days of mass unemployment, so that there will be a nice big pool of labour on which greedy employers can draw at starvation wages. The existence of this large pool of unemployed will fill the minds of those who are working with terror at the thought of losing their jobs, so that they will work harder, and thus enable the employers to make huge profits.

You will believe, too, if you are a Socialist, that the Conservative Party is run by bankers and capitalists who will so manipulate the nation's finances that there will be another 1931 crisis, and an excuse will be made to abolish the social services,

which the Conservative Party always opposed and now secretly hates. It is true that the leaders and responsible spokesmen of the Conservative Party disavow all such intentions, but by misquoting a few misreported statements made years ago by obscure members of the party it is possible to prove that the official policy is a mere cloak to hide the dark truth.

If you are a Conservative it will be quite clear to you that Socialist policy is the thin end of the wedge of Communism, and that its main purpose is utterly to destroy individual freedom. To the Conservative a Socialist is a man who, for some reason best known to himself, wants to put the nation (including himself) in fetters. He delights in

rationing and controls of all sorts, and wants the State to run everything and to do away with private enterprise altogether.

Curiously enough there is much more similarity between the Socialist and Conservative programmes than it might be supposed there would be from the extraordinary difference between their policies, as understood by the opposite party.

The official Socialist policy is to nationalize those industries that are best run by the nation, and to leave private enterprise to look after the rest. The official Conservative policy is to run by private enterprise those industries most suitable for running by private enterprise, and to continue to run the rest as nationalized industries. The only major industry which the two parties do not agree about in their programmes (and *aren't* they grateful for it!) is steel.

As most of the voters know little about steel, however, this subject is

not much use for propaganda, so that General Elections nowadays are not fought on any real differences between the parties but on the day-to-day record of administration of the other party during its last period in power. As a young man you are no doubt surprised to find at election times that according to the Socialists you are living in a land flowing with milk and honey, and that according to the Conservatives you get very little to eat and live almost entirely in shackles.

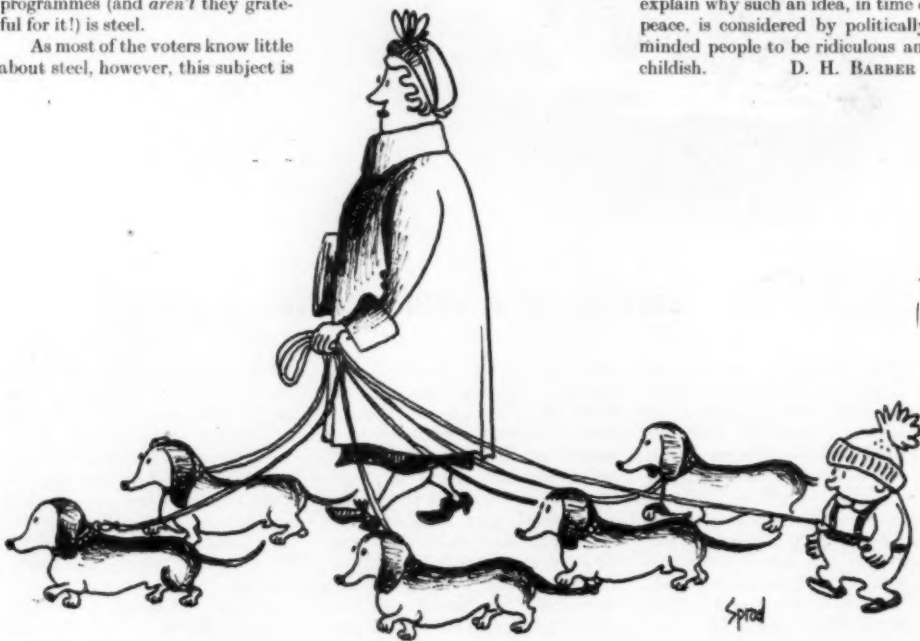
You may also be a little puzzled by Socialist statements that before the war England was a living hell and by Conservative statements that it was a paradise. People with moderate views who lived before the

war will probably tell you that England was not so bad in those days but might have been better, which may possibly be your uninformed non-political opinion of England to-day.

On paper it might be thought that the Liberals, not having been in power recently, might have a good chance at modern General Elections, as most people will have forgotten what they did wrong. The reason they do not get many votes is that hardly anybody will vote for them because people think that hardly anybody else will. There appears to be no cure for this.

It may seem to your young and innocent mind that, with so little difference between programmes and so many baffling problems to be faced, it might be best to have a Coalition. In my next letter I will explain why such an idea, in time of peace, is considered by politically-minded people to be ridiculous and childish.

D. H. BARBER



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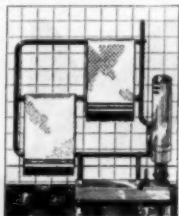


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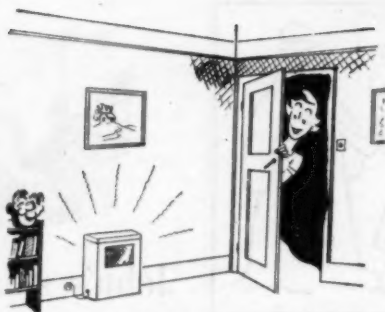
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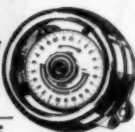
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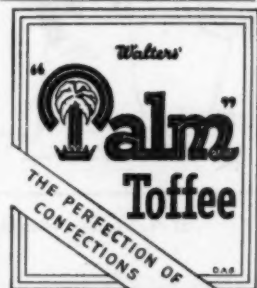
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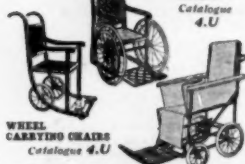
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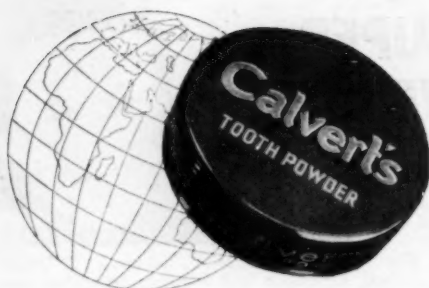
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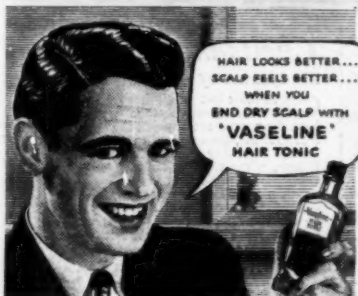
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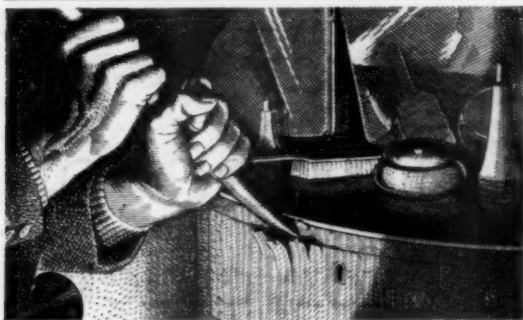
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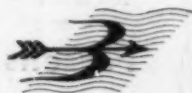
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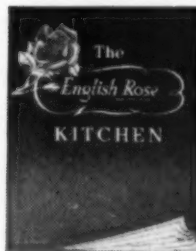
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